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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Friendship.

BY WILLIAM B. WOOD, M. D.

"In the bright eye of Hesper, or the moon,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship?"

There's nothing in the bright array,
That gilds Aurora's orient flame,
Which sheds so pure, so sweet a ray,
As Friendship's constant, sacred name!

'Tis written in the tears that stand
A moment sparkling in the eye,
When wrecked upon the ocean's strand,
The *stranger* soothes the *wrecked one's* sigh!

'Tis written in the sacred spell,
That links two absent hearts as one—
Which speaks in every bosom swell,
The same deep, deep devoted tone,

'Tis felt in every lengthened sigh
That's breathed around the *stranger's* bier,
While to his peaceful memory
Is paid the tribute of a *tear!*

'Tis seen in every melting glance
That from the *Mother's* eyelids gleams—
And pictured in the tears that dance
Within that eyelid's radiant beams;
When to her throbbing breast she clasps
The child on which she dotes full well—
And folded to her bosom—gasps
Her last, fond, parting word, *farewell!*

When cast upon some distant shore,
Far, far from home—where strangers dwell—
Where kindred tongues are heard no more,
And kindred bosoms cease to swell—
When, on the gloomy couch of death
The *traveller's fever'd* brow is prest,
Friendship will soften every breath,
And hold him to her quiet breast.

There's nought beneath the light of heaven,
'Mid all that's bright, and glad, and blest—
Nor aught that's seen at summer's even
Within the golden, glitt'ring west,
So pure, so fair, so rich, so bright,
So like the brilliant gems that strew
Along the eternal throne of light,
As pure *devoted friendship's* ray!

New River, La. Jan. 1st, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Young Governor.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

"All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride."

The scene was a magnificently furnished hall crowded with guests—the time, the reign of Charles I. when gayety and licentiousness went hand in hand, and living for the gratification of the present only, men seemed to forget that they were accountable beings. It was the birthday of Catharine Clarendon, and numbers were assembled there to do honor to the highborn and beautiful heiress, who conscious of her power and many attractions received their homage as her due, and parried gracefully and sportively the honeyed flatteries poured in profusion into her ear. One stood aloof in that brilliant crowd who neither courted nor applauded, and yet, perhaps, there was no heart there, whose devotion that petted favorite so desired to win. In contemplative, even melancholy silence he regarded the gay company around him, and if his eye was directed to the young beauty, she felt it spoke less of admiration than displeasure.

"Who is that grave and handsome knight? Do tell me Kate: I am dying to know," asked Lady Mary Marchmont of Catharine Clarendon.

"Is it possible you do no not know? That is Henry Vane: I told you we expected him to-day."

"Indeed! He is not what I imagined him to be. I should suppose, just released from that odious college at Geneva, where they are all so dull and gloomy, he would be so lively and happy. He has but just returned to England I hear."

"Yes, a few days, only. But you should remember, Mary, he went voluntarily to Geneva. He likes gloom I fancy, for he seems the personification of it. He has not paid me a compliment since his arrival."

"Oh! but he is so interesting, when you do win them they will be doubly valuable. I am told his talents are of the first order, and it is thought he will have a high place at court. It could not be otherwise, since his father is a minister of state, and he has every personal recommendation. But Saltonstall says he is very odd! talks of corruption in the church, civil and religious liberty, and all that sort of thing. He was surprised when I told him you expected him here. He thought he would not come."

"Would not come!" exclaimed Catharine scornfully, like one whose invitations were not wont to be rejected.

Henry Vane was her distant relative. They had been playmates in childhood, and after he went to college she had received several letters from him, to some of which she had replied. As time went by their correspondence had ceased, and new objects and intercourse with the gay world had banished almost the memory of Henry Vane from the bosom of his cousin. His return to his native country had revived dormant recollections, and his grave calm manner and apparent unsusceptibility in that susceptible period, had piqued her vanity, and excited a determination to add his name to the list of her many conquests. There might seem to be little sympathy or congeniality between the student of Geneva and the lively coquette, yet opposites sometimes attract each other, and the practised eye of the watchful Catharine ere long detected a dawning interest for herself in the reserved young Puritan. All the graces of her character were called into requisition to strengthen and confirm her conquest, and she felt that an avowal was already on his lips, only waiting an opportunity. She had not yet decided whether she should really accept him. She knew that he was one who would not be contented with an evasive reply. Henry Vane would never figure among the bevy of half hoping, half despairing lovers who wait on the caprices of a coquette. There must be sincerity in her first reply. Perhaps she was not wholly confident of her own feelings, and wished to defer scrutinizing her heart. He whom she had marked for her victim without any regard to his future happiness, was more generous than herself. Much as he was interested in her resolve, he yet determined to present to her view the true state of his affairs, ere her affections were deeply entangled. He defeated her efforts to delay an explanation, and would be heard. "I have a petition to lay before you, lady Catharine," he said tenderly but seriously. "I intreat your attention for one hour. Let those people wait; their errand cannot be so important as mine." "You cannot know," she sportively remonstrated, and would have persisted, but he added, "for your own sake, Catharine, you must hear me." Briefly but eloquently was his story told. He had imbibed the rigid principles of Calvin, had investigated those tenets amidst the lofty sublimity of Swiss scenery—his heart was pledged to the service of his God. He had no taste for the gay splendors of the English court—he turned in disgust from its frivolities in abhorrence from its vices, and disapprobation from the pomp and form of Romish despotism. He purposed seeking a home on American soil, and exemplifying in a distant land the simplicity and purity of the gospel precepts. He said that he loved Catharine truly—devotedly. If she could forsake the luxuries of her early years, the gaieties of her present lot and be his, he would endeavor to prove his appreciation of her disinterested affection. He paused. She spoke scornfully and indignantly—expressed her wonder at his presumption, and observed that he must have estimated his merits very highly to conclude that she would renounce affluence for poverty—elegance for vulgarity—splendor for insignificance and hardship, all for the great privilege of becoming his wife. She forgot that he was about to sacrifice all, and more than brightened her pathway, for "freedom to worship God" according to the dictates of his own conscience. True it was his choice to do so; but had he asked her to act against her will? No: ere he had won or required a word of confessed regard, he had clearly, fully revealed his sentiments and prospects. Her resentment then was misplaced, uncalled for. But Catharine now felt that in seeking to capture his heart, she had lost her own, and was indignant that he should have compelled her to ensure her happiness at a price so costly.

"I will not do it, never!" thought she, and forced back the tears which would have betrayed her emotions. The brow of the young man slightly contracted, his lips compressed, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

"It is well," he calmly replied, though there was a tremor in his tone, "It was an illusion, and I would not recall it. Yet I had not expected such a haughty denial, such a hasty decision. I will not inquire if the same had been given to Sir Henry Vane, possessed of all his ancestral honors. It would avail me nothing now to know that I could have obtained under any circumstances, the hand of Catharine Clarendon. May he to whom that honor is awarded, be gifted with as true a heart, and a less presumptuous mind, than I!—Farewell, Lady Catharine! we shall meet no more!"

The door closed upon him. She sprang from her seat and locked it, then threw herself upon the floor, and, burying her face in the sofa's crimson cushions, wept the bitterest tears she had ever shed. Yet she could not believe he would quit her thus forever. If he loved her, he certainly would return,—and on that hope she lived, until tidings came from a source she could not doubt, that the vessel which bore him, had sailed for its distant port. Lady Catharine's step again mingled in the dance, and her voice was as glad and as sweet as ever. Many suitors bowed to her, and she smiled upon them, but when they urged her to name a speedy day, each expecting to call her bride, she laughed at their silly hopes, and declared she never thought a mere flirtation could go so far! One by one they left her side, the haughty and the amiable alike; and she, the courted and the gifted, was left to solitude and memory.

* * * * * *

In a neat but lowly dwelling in the colony of Massachusetts, we again present Catharine Clarendon to the reader. Her appearance is somewhat changed since we last pictured her. She looks scarcely older, but her features wear a chastened expression, and her dress is simple and of no costly material. Weary of the world and herself, in a moment of adventurous impulse she had quitted her magnificent home, and with one of the many bands of "pilgrims," who sought a refuge in the new world had come to the shores of New England. Her residence was now the house of a young minister and his sister,—the latter, the plighted bride of the Governor of the colony, who was then absent with her brother, endeavoring to quell a purposed incursion of the Indians. Constance Roswell was a fair delicate girl, whose constitution seemed but little adapted to the privations she had encountered, but hers was a noble and energetic spirit.—Catharine had been for some weeks her constant companion.

"Really, Catharine, I am much indebted to you for your kind nursing. Henry will hardly know me when he returns. You have made me quite another being."

A flush passed over the pale face of the invalid, and as Catharine met her bright yet soft eye, she marvelled at her exceeding beauty. She had named her brother, but Catharine felt it was of her lover she thought.

"I rejoice that I could contribute to your comfort, sweet lady, but I am the obliged party. 'I was a stranger and you took me in.'"

"It is part of our religion to protect strangers, and we deem it a privilege; but they do not always come like you, in an angel's guise," returned Constance, affectionately,—"I owe you much. Henry must help me to repay you. I would you could see my brother, Catharine."

"Is he like you?"

"Somewhat, but much more handsome. Then he is so good! You know not how I love him."

"You were both born in England?" asked Catharine.

"Yes, the only children of a minister. On his deathbed he counselled us to come hither, where none could interfere with our religious liberty."

"You have endured many hardships, I imagine?" inquired Catharine.

"Yes, many, but have had sweet blessings to balance them. It was a trial to say farewell to the graves of our parents, and our childhood's home, but duty called us, and God has been with us. There were those too, in the same vessel, who left even more than we did—renounced all the world calls valuable. Sir Henry Vane."

"Sir Henry Vane," interrupted Catharine almost shrieking, "was *he* with you?"

"Yes, do you know him?"

"Know him!" she said hysterically.—Her story was soon told, her love, her grief, her penitence—and the Puritan maiden wept while she listened, with her face on her clasped hands, and at the close, kissed her kindly, and bade her hope that she would again meet her lover under more propitious circumstances, and all might yet be well.

"Is he in the colony?" asked Catharine, earnestly.

"Yes! have you not heard of him since you came?"

"No, how should I? I have no friends here but you, and those who brought me. I have had no desire to quit your dwelling—and here, you know, dear lady, none are talked of but your brother and the Governor."

"True," said Constance, musingly, "but call me lady no more. You know I am but a minister's daughter,—you are of high birth."

"You are noble in yourself," said Catharine, "and are to be the Governor's bride; and all speak of him as noble—as no ordinary person."

"He is no ordinary person. But go now, Catharine, to my little study. You will find books there. I did not sleep well last night, and would be alone."

* * * * *

"Where is my sister?" inquired Henry Roswell, three days after, as he entered his own house with his friend the Governor.

"Miss Constance is in the little back parlor, sir. She is not so well."

"Not so well! Do you mean that she has been ill?" hurriedly interrogated the Governor.

"She was very sick after your departure, sir. Then she grew better—but for the last two days she has appeared worse, and weaker."

The two friends paused only to have their arrival announced, and hastened to the object of their solicitude. Miss Roswell met them both with much agitation. She attempted to rise from the couch on which she half-sat, half reclined, but had nearly fainted in the effort.

"You have been ill, very ill, my own Constance," exclaimed her lover, with deep and sincere tenderness, "and I was far away. Would that I had not left you!"

"You were performing your duty," she gently whispered, "and I was well attended. I am so glad you have returned," she added with sudden animation. "I thought the last few days interminable!"

An hour after, Henry Roswell had gone out on some parochial duty, and the Governor was alone with his promised bride. Catharine Clarendon had been performing some little household office at the request of her friend, and hearing from an attendant that Mr. Roswell had gone out accompanied by the Governor, again sought the companionship of Constance. She had reached the adjoining room; the door which led to the apartment tenanted by Constance was ajar, and she was about to open it, and enter, when a voice whose tones she was destined never to forget, met her ear. She paused spell-bound, and the low but distinct words were clearly heard.—

"Never! ask it not. Having once rooted her from my heart, and enshrined there the sweet and gentle image of Constance Roswell, I could not recall hers if I would. It was a vision of my boyhood, at which I now wonder, and can even smile. No, Constance, I can love none but you. If your spirit must so soon seek its home in Heaven, my affections shall go hither with it. In your sympathy with feelings of whose existence I know not how you heard, and which, I doubt, do not forget mine. If Catharine Clarendon be indeed the altered being your informer assures you, she can yet be nothing to me." A sound of woe in the next room caused Constance to grasp the speaker's arm. She sprang from her seat and entered it. There was no one to be seen.

The young Governor and Henry Vane were indeed the same. His unprecedented popularity which he undoubtedly owed, chiefly to his firm adherence to the principles of civil and religious liberty, had obtained for him, at the early age of twenty-four, the first office in the colony.

Catharine Clarendon left the house of her friend, and long was it ere that friend's unwearying and anxious search could discover her humble abode. Consumption is slow, though sure in its progress. Constant Roswell unfitted to endure the rude climate of New England, was a victim of that insidious disorder. But ere the close of her bright and brief career, she saw Catharine Clarendon again, and knew that she bore her no enmity, for her unsuccessful but generous and heroic effort to ensure her happiness. Beside the deathbed of his sister, Henry Roswell became interested in the once haughty but now humble beauty,—and in after years she consented to be his wife.

The subsequent course of the intrepid Sir Henry Vane, is recorded by worthier pens. His inflexible attachment to his principles, leading him to espouse the cause of the ecclesiastical, oppressed even when their measures were not characterized by prudence, was at last the source of misfortune to himself. His popularity was wrecked even in the establishment of religious toleration, and he returned to his native land, there to maintain unshrinkingly the tenets which he advocated here. In the defence of the civil and religious rights of men, his life was forfeited; and the framer and and suggester of the creed of "perfect religious toleration," which has since been adopted in our own happy country, sleeps in an unhonored grave.

Rustic Glen, Jan. 1841.

Plagiarism.

The person who surreptitiously possesses himself of the productions of another's mind, and endeavors thereon to build up a reputation for himself, is guilty of so mean an action that it would be difficult to find a comparison miserable enough for it; a reputation acquired by such means must be without solidity or strength, and totally unable to withstand the slightest shock with which it may be assailed; it is therefore of little or no advantage to its possessor, and though impudence and a prudent reserve may uphold it for a short time—that ill-founded and tottering structure, by successive detections and expositions, becomes so weakened—that cunning and effrontery are no longer able to support it—and, like a wall from which the bricks and mortar have been gradually withdrawn, it must eventually fall with a crash.

He who is destitute of the talent which is necessary to acquire a literary reputation, and too proud to acknowledge, but still wishes to enjoy it, and is possessed of sufficient meanness to pilfer from others what he cannot produce himself, is a hypocrite of the very worst kind—as he not only assumes appearances which do not belong to him, but at the same time robs the true author of the merit, which he alone is entitled to, and which is as much his property as his watch or any thing else which he possesses.

The career of a literary thief is so short, and so thickly beset with dangers, that it is a matter of surprise that this species of robbery should ever be attempted, as a continual dread of detection must seriously mar the temporary enjoyment of success. When a mere gratification of vanity is the only object sought after, the inducements are indeed trifling, when compared with the risk and odium of detection. If the manner of expression which an author uses, and the sentiments he utters should be admired, and if an object can be attained by a concurrence of sentiment expressed in the language of another, why should it not be as successful (if sincerely entertained) when the true author's name is known, as when it is suppressed? The former course would be infinitely more honorable and manly. No fears need then be entertained that it will ever be discovered that dishonorable means were used to attain the object; and, if success should crown the effort, its enjoyment would not be the less gratifying, because honorable means alone were employed to secure it.

The American Monthlies.

From the Knickerbocker, for January.

An Evening Revery.

From an Unfinished Poem.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The summer day has closed, the sun is set,
Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again.
The mother-bird hath broken, for her brood,
Their prison shells, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends,
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed, and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet age
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

Oh thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time, for ye are one!
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright
Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
Come unforewarned. Who next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men
Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new, the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

From the January Knickerbocker.

Brock: Or the Dutch Paradise.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON.

It has long been a matter of discussion and controversy among the pious and the learned, as to the situation of the terrestrial paradise from whence our first parents were exiled. This question has been put to rest by certain of the faithful in Holland, who have decided in favor of the village of Broek, about six miles from Amsterdam. It may not, they observe, correspond in all respects to the description of the Garden of Eden, handed down from days of yore, but it comes nearer to their ideas of a perfect paradise than any other place on earth.

This eulogium induced me to make some inquiries as to this favored spot, in the course of a sojourn at the city of Amsterdam, and the information I procured fully justified the enthusiastic praises I had heard. The village of Broek is situated in Waterland, in the midst of the greenest and richest pastures of Holland, I may say, of Europe. These pastures are the source of its wealth, for it is famous for its dairies, and for those oval cheeses which regale and perfume the whole civilized world. The population consists of about six hundred persons, comprising several families which have inhabited the place since time immemorial, and have waxed rich on the products of their meadows.—They keep all their wealth among themselves; intermarrying, and keeping all strangers at a wary distance. They are a "hard money" people, and remarkable for turning the penny the right way. It is said to have been an old rule, established by one of the primitive financiers and legislators of Broek, that no one should leave the village with more than six guilders in his pocket, or return with less than ten: a shrewd regulation, well worthy the attention of modern political economists, who are so anxious to fix the balance of trade.

What, however, renders Broek so perfect an elysium, in the eyes of all the Hollanders, is the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing: each housewife vies with her neighbor in her devotion to the scrubbing-brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotion to the cross; and it is said, a notable housewife of the place in days of yore, is held in pious remembrance, and almost canonized as a saint, for having died of pure exhaustion and chagrin, in an ineffectual attempt to scour a black man white.

These particulars awakened my ardent curiosity to see a place which I pictured to myself the very fountain-head of certain hereditary habits and customs prevalent among the descendants of the original Dutch settlers of my native state. I accordingly lost no time in performing a pilgrimage to Broek.

Ere I reached the place, I beheld symptoms of the tranquil character of its inhabitants. A little clump-built boat was in full sail along the lazy bosom of a canal, but its sail consisted of the blades of two paddles stood on end, while the navigator sat steering with a third paddle in the stern, crouched down like a toad, with a slouched hat drawn over his eyes. I presumed him to be some nautical lover, on the way to his mistress. After proceeding a little farther, I came in sight of the harbor or port of destination of this drowsy navigator. It was the Broeken-Meer, an artificial basin, or sheet of olive-green water, tranquil as a mill-pond. On this the village of Broek is situated, and its borders are laboriously decorated with flower-beds, box-trees clipped into all kinds of ingenious shapes and fancies, and little "lust" houses, or pavilions.

I alighted outside the village, for no horse nor vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, least it should cause defilement of the well-scoured pavements.—Shaking the dust off my feet, therefore, I prepared to enter, with due reverence and circumspection, this *sanctum sanctorum* of Dutch cleanliness. I entered by a narrow street, paved with yellow bricks, laid edgewise, and so clean that one might eat from them. Indeed, they were actually worn deep, not by the tread of feet, but by the friction of the scrubbing-brush.

The houses were built of wood, and all appeared to have been freshly painted, of green, yellow, and other bright colors. They were separated from each other by gardens and orchards, and stood at some little distance from the street, with wide areas or court-yards, paved in mosaic, with variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing. The areas were divided from the street by curiously-wrought railings, or balustrades, of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, scoured into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks of the trees in front of the houses were by the same process made to look as if they had been varnished. The porches, doors, and window-frames of the houses were of exotic woods, curiously carved, and polished like costly furniture. The front doors are never opened, excepting on christenings, marriages, or funerals—on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back door. In former times, persons when admitted had to put on slippers, but this oriental ceremony is no longer insisted upon.

A poor old Frenchman, who attended upon me as cicerone, boasted with some degree of exultation, of a triumph of his countrymen over the stern regulations of the place. During the time that Holland was overrun by the armies of the French republic, a French general, surrounded by his whole etat major, who had come from Amsterdam to view the wonders of Broek, applied for admission at one of these tabou'd portals. The reply was, that the owner never received any one who did not come introduced by some friend. "Very well," said the general; "take my compliments to your master, and tell him I will return here to-morrow with a company of soldiers, "*pour parler raison avec mon ami Hollandais.*" Terrified at the idea of having a company of soldiers billotted upon him, the owner threw open his house, entertained the general and his retinue with unwonted hospitality; though it is said it cost the family a month's scrubbing and scouring, to restore all things to exact order, after this military invasion. My vagabond informant seemed to consider this one of the greatest victories of the republic.

I walked about the place in mute wonder and admiration. A dead stillness prevailed around, like that in the deserted streets of Pompeii. No sign of life was to be seen, excepting now and then a hand, a long pipe, and an occasional puff of smoke, out of the window of some "lust-haus" over-hanging a miniature canal; and on approaching a little nearer, the periphery in profile of some rubustious burgher.

Among the grand houses pointed out to me, were those of Claes Bakker, and Cornelius Bakker, richly carved and gilded, with flower gardens and clipped shrubberies; and that of the Great Ditmus, who, my poor devil cicerone informed me, in a whisper, was worth two millions; all these were mansions shut up from the world, and only kept to be cleaned. After having been conducted from one wonder to another of the village, I was ushered by my guide into the grounds and gardens of Mynheer Broekker, another mighty cheese-manufacturer, worth eighty thousand guilders a year. I had repeatedly been struck with the similarity of all that I had seen in this amphibious little village, to the buildings and landscapes on Chinese platters and tea-pots; but here I found the similarity complete; for I was told that these gardens were modelled upon Van Braam's description of those of Yuen min Yuen, in China. Here were serpentine walks, with trellised borders; winding canals, with fanciful Chinese bridges; flower beds resembling huge baskets, with the flower of "love lies bleeding" falling over to the ground. But mostly had the fancy of Mynheer Broekker been displayed about a stagnant little lake, on which a corpulent little pinnace lay at anchor. On the border was a cottage, within which were a wooden man and woman seated at a table, and a wooden dog beneath, all the size of life: on pressing a spring, the woman commenced spinning, and the dog barked furiously. On the lake were wooden swans, painted to the life: some floating, others on the nest among the rushes; while a wooden sportsman, crouched among the bushes, was preparing his gun to take deadly aim. In another part of the garden was a dominie in his clerical robes, with wig, and cocked hat; and mandarins with nodding heads, amid red lions, green tigers, and blue hares. Last of all, the heathen deities, in wood and plaster, male and female, naked and bare-faced as usual, and seeming to stare with wonder at finding themselves in such strange company.

My shabby French guide, while he pointed out all these mechanical marvels of the garden, was anxious to let me see that he had too polite a taste to be pleased with them. At every new knick-knack he would screw down his mouth, shrug up his shoulders, take a pinch of snuff, and exclaim, "*Ma foi, Monsieur, ces Hollandais sont forts pour ces betises la!*"

To attempt to gain admission to any of these stately abodes was out of the question, having no company of soldiers to enforce a solicitation. I was fortunate enough, however, through the aid of my guide, to make my way into the kitchen of the illustrious Ditmus, and I question whether the parlor would have proved more worthy of observation. The cook, a little wiry hook-nosed woman, worn thin by incessant action and friction, was bustling about among her kettles and saucepans, with the scullion at her heels, both clattering in wooden shoes, which were as clean and white as the milk-pails; rows of vessels, of brass and copper, regiments of pewter dishes, and portly porringers, gave resplendent evidence of the intensity of their cleanliness; the very trammels and hangers in the fire-place were highly scoured, and the burnished face of the good Saint Nicholas shone forth from the iron plate of the chimney-back.

Among the decorations of the kitchen, was a printed sheet of woodcuts, representing the various holiday customs of Holland, with explanatory rhymes. Here I was delighted to recognize the jollities of New-Year's day; the festivities of Paas and Pinkster, and all the other merry-makings handed down in my native place from the earliest times of New Amsterdam, and which had been such bright spots in the year, in my childhood.—I eagerly made myself master of this precious document, for a trifling consideration, and bore it off as a memento of the place; though I question if, in so doing, I did not carry off with me the whole current literature of Broek.

I must not omit to mention, that this village is the paradise of cows as well as men; indeed you would almost suppose the cow to be as much an object of worship here, as the bull was among the ancient Egyptians; and well does she merit it, for she is in fact the patroness of the place. The same scrupulous cleanliness, however, which pervades every thing else, is manifested in the treatment of this venerated animal. She is not permitted to perambulate the place, but in winter, when she forsakes the rich pasture, a well-built house is provided for her, well painted, and maintained in most perfect order. Her stall is of ample dimensions; the floor is scrubbed and polished; her hide is daily curried and brushed, and sponged to her heart's content, and her tail is daintily tucked up to the ceiling, and decorated with a riband!

On my way back through the village, I passed the house of the prediger, or preacher; a very comfortable mansion, which led me to augur well of the state of religion in the village. On inquiry, I was told that for a long time the inhabitants lived in a great state of indifference as to religious matters: it was in vain that their preachers endeavored to arouse their thoughts as to a future state: the joys of heaven, as commonly depicted, were but little to their taste. At length a dominie appeared among them, who struck out in a different vein. He depicted the New Jerusalem as a place all smooth and level; with beautiful dykes, and ditches, and canals; and houses all shining with paint and varnish, and glazed tiles; and where there should never come horse, or ass, or cat, or dog, or any thing that could make noise or dirt; but there should be nothing but rubbing and scrubbing, and washing and painting, and gilding and varnishing, for ever and ever, amen! Since that time, the good housewives of Broek have all turned their faces Zion-ward.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Song My Mother Used To Sing.

BY [illegible]

Sing, sing, fair lady, sing again
That much beloved simple strain!
It is a sweet, and touching thing,
The song my mother used to sing!

Long, long years have passed away
Since I have listened to that lay,
And thrilling on my ear doth ring,
The song my mother used to sing

Methinks I hear her soft voice still,
And, Oh! what thoughts my mind doth fill,
And how it makes the tears to spring!
The song my mother used to sing

Alas! her silv'ry tones no more
Doth gently steal my senses o'er;
Yet, to me, memory loves to bring
The song my mother used to sing.

Then sing that song sweet lady fair;
I love—oh! how I love that air!
To it my heart doth closely cling,
The song my mother used to sing!

Philadelphia, Jan. 1840.

From the Rural Life of England.

Gipsies.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

All hail! ye British Buccaneers!
Ye English Ishmaelites, all hail!
A jovial and marauding band,
Against the goodliest of the land
Ye go, and ye prevail.

Man's cultured Eden casts ye forth,
Where'er ye list to wander wide,
Wild heaths and wilder glens to tread,
The spacious earth before you spread,
Your hearts your only guide.

The Gipsy King. BY RICHARD HOWITT.

The picture of the Rural Life of England must be wofully defective which should omit those singular and most picturesque squatters on heaths and in lanes, the Gipsies. They are part and parcel of the landscape scenery of England. They are an essential portion of our poetry and literature. They are moulded into our memories, and all our associations of the country by the surprise of our first seeing them,—by the stories of their cunning, their petty larcenies, their fortune-tellings,—and by the writings of almost all our best poets and essayists. The poets being vividly impressed by anything picturesque, and partaking of some mystery and romance, universally talk of them with an unction of enjoyment. Romance writers have found them more profitable subjects than her majesty does—Scott and Victor Hugo especially. But the first introduction to them, which most of us had in print, and to which the mind of every man of taste must instantly revert on seeing or hearing of them, is that most admirable and racy one in the Spectator,—that gipsy adventure of our truly beloved and honored friend, Sir Roger de Coverley—that perfect model of an English gentleman. Who does not think of this scene with a peculiar delight, especially since it has received so exquisite a representation from the pencil of Leslie? "As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop, but at the same time gave me a particular account of mischiefs they do in the country in stealing people's goods, and spoiling their servants. If a stray piece of linen hangs upon a hedge, says Sir Roger, they are sure to have it; if the hog loses its way in the fields, it is ten to one but it becomes their prey. Our geese cannot live in peace for them.

"'If a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into this part of the country about this time of the year, and set the heads of our servant maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be while they are in the country. I have an honest dairymaid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon, every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things which they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades amongst them,—the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.'

"Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the race, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried, 'go, go, you are an idle baggage,' and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding that he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a further inquiry into his hand, that his true-love was constant, and that he should dream of her to-night. My old friend cried, 'Pish,' and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated that she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. 'Ah, master,' says the gipsy, 'that roguish leer of yours makes woman's heart ache. You have not that simper about the mouth for nothing.' The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed the hand with, and got up again on his horse.

"As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humor, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him, he found his pocket picked; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous."

This is a perfect piece of gipsyism. Wordsworth, Cowper, Crabbe, and others of our poets, have given very graphic sketches of them; but in all these descriptions you have the same characteristics, those of a strange, vagabond, out-of-door, artful, and fortune-telling people. This was for a long time the only point of view in which they were regarded. That they were a thievish and uncivilized race every body knew, but what was their real origin, or what their real country, few cared to inquire. It, in fact, quite satisfied the public to consider them as what they pretended to be, Egyptians. In all the descriptions I have alluded to, no reference whatever is made to their origin. Addison alone hints that he could give some historical remarks on this idle people, but he does not think it worth while. But a more inquisitive age came. It began to strike the minds of intelligent men, as the love of the picturesque, the love of whatever was quiet, ancient, singular, or poetic in the features of the country grew into a strong public feeling, that there was something far more curious and mysterious about this people than merely met the eye. That they were a peculiar variety of the human species, and had hereditary causes, whether prejudices or traditions, which stamped them, as distinctly and as stubbornly, a separate portion of humanity as the Jews, became obvious enough. That which had been supposed a mere gibberish in their mouths, was found to be true Eastern language, and it was discovered that they not merely "infested all Europe," as Addison remarked, but all the world. In every quarter of it they were found, exhibiting the same strange and unchangeable lineaments, manners, and habits; in Egypt, as separate from the Egyptians in speech and custom, as they are separate from the English in England. Great curiosity was now excited concerning them, and we get a glimpse, in the following verses of the Ettrick Shepherd, of the speculations which arose out of the consequent inquiries.

Hast thou not noted on the by-way side
Where England's loanings stretch unsoiled and wide,
Or by the brook that through the valley pours,
Where music waves play lightly through the flowers,
A noisy crew far straggling through the glade,
Busied with trifles, or in slumber laid,
Their children lolling round them on the grass,
Or pestering with their sports the patient ass?
The wrinkled grandam there you may espy,
The ripe young maiden with her glossy eye,
Men in their prime—the striplings dark and dun,
Scathed by the storms and freckled by the sun;
O mark them well when next the group you see,
In vacant barn, or resting on the lea;
They are the remnant of a race of old—
Spare not the trifle for your fortune told!
For there shalt thou behold with nature blent
A tint of mind in every lineament,
A mould of soul distinct, but hard to trace,
Unknown except to Israel's wandering race;
For thence, as sages say, their line they drew—
O mark them well! the tales of old are true!

In these verses, which seem intended by Hogg as the commencement of a poem on the Gipsy history, he goes on to tell us that they were a tribe of Arabs that during the Crusades were induced to act as guides and allies of the Crusaders against Jerusalem, and were therefore compelled, on the retreat of the Christians, to flee too. It was not at all surprising that they should be regarded as the real descendants of Ishmael, for they have all the characteristics of his race,—an Eastern people, retaining all their features of mind or body in unchangeable fixedness—neither growing fairer in the temperate latitudes, nor darker in the sultry ones; perpetual wanderers and dwellers in tents; active, fond of horses, often herdsmen, artful, thievish, restrained by no principle but that of a cunning policy from laying hands on any man's possessions; fond to enthusiasm of the chase after game, though obliged to follow it at midnight; as everlastingly isolated by their organic or moral conformation from the people amongst whom they dwell as the Jews themselves. The very prophecy seemed fulfilled in them, beyond what it could be in Araby itself, where they have been repeatedly subdued to the dominion of some conqueror, while this tribe seems in all countries to maintain its character as the genuine posterity of him who was to be a wild hunter in perpetual independence.

The Germans, however, who pursue every subject of curious inquiry with the same searching perseverance, took up this Gipsy mystery; and the result of their researches, founded principally on their language, at present leads to the adoption of the theory that they are a Hindu tribe. For a full view of the subject, I must refer my readers to the works of Grellman and Buttner, who have perused this inquiry with great learning and zeal, or to a very able summary in Malte Brun's Geography: my limits will compel me to take a more rapid notice of it. The sum and substance of their case is this. They find occupation in some countries as smiths and tinkers; they mend broken plates, and sell wooden ware. A class of them in Moldavia and Wallachia lead a settled life, and gain a subsistence by working and searching for gold in the beds of rivers. Those in the Bannat of Hungary are horse dealers, and are gradually obeying the enactments of Joseph II., by which they are compelled to cultivate the land; but the great majority in Europe abhor a permanent residence and stated hours of labor. The women abuse the credulity of the German and Polish peasants, who imagine that they cure their cattle by witchcraft, and predict fortunate events by inspecting the lineaments of the hand. It is lawful for the wives of the Tchinganes in Turkey to commit adultery with impunity. Many individuals of both sexes, particularly throughout Hungary, are passionately fond of music, the only science in which they have, as yet, attained any degree of perfection. They are the favorite minstrels of the country people; some have arrived at eminence in cathedrals and the choirs of princes. Their guitar is heard in the romantic woods of Spain; and many gipsies, less indolent than the indolent Spaniards, exercise in that country the trade of publicans. They follow willingly whatever occupations most men hate and condemn. In Hungary and Transylvania, they are the flayers of dead horses, and executioners of criminals; the mass of the nation is composed of thieves and mendicants. The total number of these savages in Europe has never been considered less than 300,000; Grellman says 700,000; of these, 150,000 are in Turkey; 70,000 in Wallachia and Moldavia; 40,000 in Hungary and Transylvania; the rest are scattered through Russia, Prussia, Poland, Germany, Jutland, Spain, and other countries. Persia and Egypt are infested with them. They have appeared in Spanish America.

Who then are these people? Grellman and Buttner do not hesitate to pronounce them to be one of the low Indian castes, Soudras or Correvas, expelled from their country during one of its great revolutions, probably that of Tamerlane, about the year 1400. Their habits as tinkers, musicians, horse-dealers, ect. ect., already alluded to, are exactly in keeping with this supposition; but what is far stronger evidence is, that their language, formerly supposed to be the gibberish of thieves and pickpockets, is really Indostanee. In the tents of these wanderers is spoken the dialects of the *Vedas*, the *Puranas*, the *Brachmans*, and the *Budaks*. This, in different tribes, is in some degree dashed with words of Sclavonic, Persic, Permiac, Finnic, Wogoul, and Hungarian. The structure of the auxiliary verb is the same as others in the Ido-Pelasgic tongues, but the pronouns have a remarkable analogy with the Persic, and the declension of nouns with the Turkish. Pallas infers from their dialect that their ancient country was Moultan, and their origin the same as that of the Hindu merchants at present at Astrakan. Bartolomeo believes they come from Guzerat, perhaps from the neighborhood of Tatta, where a horde of pirates called Tchinganes still reside. Lastly, Richardson boasts of having found them among the Bazigurs, a wandering tribe of minstrels and dancers. No caste, however, bears so strong a resemblance to them as that of the Soudras, who have no fixed abodes, but live in tents, and sell baskets, mend kettles, and tell fortunes.

The names by which they have been, or are known in different countries are various. They call themselves Romi, Manusch, and Gadzi, each of these appelatives being connected with a different language—the Copt, the Sanscrit, and the Celtic. In Poland and Wallachia they are Zingani; in Italy and Hungary, Zingari; in Lithuania, Zigonas; Zigeune in Germany; Tchinganes in Turkey; the Atchinganes of the middle ages; in Spain they are Gitanos; in France, Bohemians, from their having passed out of Bohemia into that country. By the Persians they are called Siasch Hindou, or Black Indians. But the most ancient and general name is that of Sinte, or inhabitants of the banks of the Sinde, or Indus. The celebrated M. Hasse, has indeed proved that for the last 3000 years there have been in Europe wandering tribes bearing the name of Sigynes, or Sinte. He considers the modern gipsies as the descendants of these ancient hordes. Herodotus points out the Sigynes on the north side of the Ister. Strabo describes a people called Siginii, inhabiting the Hyrcanian mountains near the Caspian sea. Pliny speaks of the Caucasian Singi, and of the Indian Singæ. Hesychius reconciles the opinions of the ancients, and calls the Sinde an Indian people. They were noted for their cowardice; for submitting to the lash of Scythian masters, the prostitution of their women, whose name became a term of reproach. Different branches of the same people were scattered through Macedonia, in which was a Sinti district, and in Lemnos, where the Sinties were the workmen of Vulcan.

It will now be sufficiently obvious to the reader what a singular, ancient, and mysterious people are these gipsies, that haunt our lanes and commons, and form so striking and poetical a feature in our country scenery. After all the zealous and learned researches into their history and origin, nothing appears yet established beyond the fact, that they are older than Herodotus, the most ancient of profane historians; that for more than 3000 years they have been wandering through the world as they do at present; and that their language exhibits incontestible evidence of an oriental origin. The ravages of Tamerlane may perhaps help to account for the circumstance of their pressing upon Western Europe in 1400 in such unusual numbers; but they were wanderers long before Tamerlane's days. Were they enemies of Krishna? for they boast of having formerly rejected Christ. They pretend that they were once a happy people, under kings of their own; but their traditionary knowledge seems nearly extinct. Perhaps an increasing acquaintance with the East and Eastern literature may cast some light on the origin of this peculiar variety of the human race. In the mean time we may proceed to take a close view of them as they now appear in this kingdom. From the first moment of their attracting the public attention in this part of Europe, they have always exhibited the same artful character,—a character above the trammels of either superstition or religion. They have therefore adopted the most plausible pretences to effect their purposes; and for a long time triumphed over the credulity of the Christian princes, at all times over that of the common people. Their first appearance in France, as related by Pasquin, is curious enough. "On August 27th, 1427, came to Paris twelve penitents, Penanciers, as they called themselves, viz.: a duke, an earl, and ten men, all on horseback, and calling themselves good Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out, that not long before, the Christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity on pain of death. Those who were baptized were great lords in their own country, and had a king and queen there. Soon after their conversion, the Saracens overran the country, and obliged them to renounce Christianity. When the emperor of Germany, the king of Poland, and the Christian princes heard of this, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of them, both great and small, to quit the country, and go to the pope at Rome, who enjoined them seven years' penance, to wander over the world without lying in a bed.

"They had been wandering five years when they came to Paris. First the principal people, and soon after the commonalty, about 100 or 120—reduced, according to their account, from 1000 or 1200, when they went from home; the rest, with their king and queen, being dead. They

were lodged by the police at some distance from the city, at Chapel St. Denis.

"Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and were two silver rings in each, which they said were their ornaments in their country. The men were extremely black; their hair curled; the women, remarkably black; their only clothes a large old dark garment, tied over their shoulders with a cloth or cord, and under it a miserable petticoat. In fact they were the most poor, miserable looking beings we had been seen in France; and, notwithstanding their poverty, there was amongst them women who, by looking into people's hands, told their fortunes, and what was better, they pilfered people's pockets of their money, and got it into their own, by telling them things through art, magic, etc."

The subtlety of these modern Gibeonites cannot be sufficiently admired. They did not adventure to alarm the country by coming at once in full strength into it, but sent a detachment, mounted on horseback as princes, to pave the way by their tale of sufferings; then came a larger troop, in true Gibeonite conditions, to strike the people for commiseration; and that being done, their numbers gradually increased; and under these and similar pretences, they rambled over France for a whole century, when their real character being sufficiently obvious, and their numbers daily increasing, they were banished by proclamation. The same policy was pursued toward them in all the countries of Europe, if we except Hungary and Wallachia. In Spain, sentence of banishment being found ineffectual, in 1492 an edict of extermination was published; but they only slunk into the mountains and woods, and reappeared in a while as numerously as before. The order of banishment not succeeding in France, in 1561 all governors of cities were commanded to drive them away with fire and sword; and in 1612 a new order for their extermination came out. In 1572, they were expelled from the territories of Milan and Parma, as they had before been driven from the Venetian boundaries. In Denmark, Sweden, and the Netherlands, repeated enactments were made for their expulsion. In Germany, from 1500 to 1577, various similar decrees were promulgated against them. Under these laws they suffered incredible miseries. They were imprisoned; chased about like wild beasts, and put to death without mercy: but, as the European states did not act in concert, when they were driven from one they found an asylum in another; and whenever the storm blew over, they again gradually reappeared in their old haunts. The Empress Theresa, and afterward the Emperor Joseph II., seem to have been the only sovereigns who set themselves in earnest to reclaim and civilize this singular people; and we have seen that in Hungary some of them are gradually submitting to the regulations made by these wise monarchs.

Their introduction to this kingdom, and their after treatment were similar. At first they were received as princes and kings, and excited commiseration by the tale of their injuries. They had royal and parliamentary passes granted them, to go through the country seeking relief, as many of the parish records yet bear testimony. So late as 1647 there appears an entry in the constable's accounts at Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, of four shillings being given to forty-six Egyptians, travelling with a pass from parliament, to seek relief by the space of six months. But when this delusion was past, and it was seen that they had no intention of quitting the country, they became prosecuted by justices of the peace and parish constables, as thieves and vagrants; and the rapid enclosures of waste lands during the war, tended to break up their haunts, and put them into great straits.

About twenty years ago John Hoyland, a minister of the Society of Friends, being struck with commiseration for their condition, began to inquire into their real character; and the researches of Grellman being made known to him, he visited their encampments in various places, in Northamptonshire, Hainault Forest, and Norwood, near London. He also sought them out in their winter quarters in London; and the result of his inquiries satisfied him that the English gipsies were a genuine portion of the great tribe described by Grellman; that they possessed the same oriental language, specimens of which he has given in his history. Mr. Hoyland could not ascertain what were the actual numbers of these people in England. They had been stated in parliament to be not less than 30,000, but on what authority did not appear; but it was very evident that enclosures, and the severity of magistrates, had reduced their numbers. Probably many of them had emigrated. Norwood used to be their great resort, but its enclosure had broken up that rendezvous, yet it nevertheless appeared, that considerable numbers wintered in London, and at the earliest approach of Spring set out on their summer progress through various parts of the country, especially in the counties of Surry, Bedford, Buckingham, Hereford, Monmouth, Somerset, Wilts, Southampton, Cambridge, and Huntingdon.

Subsequent inquiries have shown that these people retire into other large towns in winter besides London, particularly Bristol. That in town their chief haunts are in Tottenham-court-road, Bainbridge-street, Bolton-street, Church-lane, Bethnal-green, Tunbridge-street, Tothill-fields, and White-street. In Bristol, they are chiefly found in St. Philips, Newfoundland-street, Bedminster, and at the March and September fairs. About London, in April, May and June, they get work in the market gardens. In July and August they move into Sussex and Kent for harvest work, where they continue. Through September, great numbers of them find employment in the hop districts of those counties, and of Surry. They constantly encamp on the commons near London. On Wimbledon Common, at Christmas 1831, there were no less than seventy of them. In the parks of Richmond, Greenwich, Windsor, and all the resorts of summer visitants from town, the gipsy women are to be found exercising their vocation of fortune-tellers. On this account many of them encamp about Blackheath, Woolwich-heath, Lordship-lane, near Deptford, and Pison-street, near Woolwich. The Archbishop's Wall, near Canterbury; Staple and Wingham Well, near the same city, and Buckland near Dover, and the New Forest, Hampshire, are great haunts; they also flock in great numbers to Ascot, Epsom, and other races.

Mr. Hoyland extended his researches to Scotland, and the most prompt assistance was offered him in his inquiries in that country. A circular was dispatched to the sheriff of every county, soliciting, through the medium of an official organ, all the intelligence which could be obtained on the subject. It was found that there were very few gipsies in Scotland at all. From thirteen counties the reports were—"No gipsies resident in them." From most others the answer was, that they appeared there only as occasional passengers. The Border appeared to be their chief resort, and respecting those Sir Walter Scott, then plain Walter Scott, addressed a very characteristic letter to the author. His account of them tallies exactly with that he has given in his celebrated novels. He and Mr. Smith, the Baillie of Kelso, agree in describing them as a single colony at Yetholm, and one family removed thence to Kelso. This colony appears to have acquired a character more daring and impudent than the gipsies of England; in fact, to have exhibited the true old Border spirit: probably partly from example and partly from intercourse with some of the Border families. Mr. Baillie Smith gives the following instance of this spirit:—"Between Yetholm and the Border farms in Northumberland, there were formerly, as in most border districts, some uncultivated lands, called the Plea Lands, or Debatable Lands, the pasturage of which was generally eaten up by the sorrets and ragboods on both sides of the marches. Many years ago, Lord Tankerville and some other of the English borderers, made their request to Sir David Bennet and the late Mr. Wauchope, of Niddry, that they would accompany them at a riding of the Plea Lands, who readily complied with their request. They were indeed to this, as they understood that the gipsies had taken offence, on the supposition that they might be circumscribed in their pasture for their cobbles, and asses, which they had held a long time, partly by stealth and partly by violence. Both threats and entreaties were employed to keep them away; and at last Sir David obtained a promise from some of the heads of the gang, that none of them should stray their flocks on the occasion.

"They, however, got upon the hills in the neighborhood whence they could see every thing that passed. At first they were very quiet, but when they saw the English Court-Book spread out as a cushion before the clerk, and apparently taken in a line of direction intersecting with that which they considered to be their privileged ground, it was with great difficulty that the most moderate of them could restrain the rest from rushing down and taking vengeance even in sight of their own lord of the manor. They only obtained for a short time, and no sooner had Sir David and the other gentlemen taken leave of each other in the most polite and friendly manner, as border chiefs are wont to do, than border feuds ensued, and had departed to a sufficient distance, then the clan, armed with bludgeons and pitchforks, and such other hostile weapons as they could find, rushed down in a body, and before the chiefs on either side had reached their homes, there was neither English tenant, horse, cow, or sheep, left upon the premises."

This account of their descent on the Plea Lands is like one of Sir Walter Scott's own vivid sketches of border life; and the following anecdote, also related by Mr. Baillie Smith, shows how truly they had imbibed the border spirit of chivalry.—"When I first knew any thing about the colony, old Wild Faa was their king, or leader, and had held the sovereignty for many years. Meeting at Kelso with Mr. Walter Scott, whose discriminating habits and just observations I had occasion to know from his youth, and at the same time seeing one of my Yetholm friends in the horse-market, I merely said to Mr. Scott, 'Try to get before that man with the long drab coat; look at him on your return, and tell me whether you ever saw him, and what you think of him.' He was as good as to indulge me; and rejoining me said without hesitation, 'I never saw the man that I know of, but he is one of the gipsies of Yetholm that you told me of several years ago.' I need scarcely say that he was perfectly right.

"The descendants of Faa, now take the name *of Fall*, from the Messrs. Fall of Dunbar, who, they pride themselves in saying, are of the same stock and lineage. When old Will Faa was upward of eighty years of age, he called on me at Kelso, in his way of Edinburgh, telling me that he was going to see the laird, the late Mr. Nisbett of Dirleton, as he understood that he was very unwell, and himself now being old, and not so stout as he had been, he wished to see him once more before he died. The old man set out by the nearest road, which was by no means his common practice. Next market day some of the farmers informed me that they had been in Edinburgh, and seen Will Faa upon the bridge (the south bridge was not built then), that he was talking about his old brown hat, and burning with great vonification, that he had seen the laird before he died. Indeed Will himself had no time to lose, for having set his face homewards, by the way of the sea-coast, to vary his route, as is the general custom with the gang, he only got the length of Coldingham when he was taken ill and died."

No one can fail to recognise in these border gipsies the Faas and Gordons of Guy Mannering, the desperate clan of Meg Merrilies and Dernclough. Scott, indeed, informs us that his prototype of Meg Merrilies was Jean Gordon, an inhabitant of Kirk Yetholm on the Cheviot hills, adjoining to the English border. The Faas, of which family her mother was, were the lineal descendants of John Faa, who styled himself Lord and King of Little Egypt, and with a numerous retinue entered Scotland, in the reign of Queen Mary.

The difference between the English and Scotch gipsies was singularly exemplified in Jean Gordon's own family. The English gipsies have generally had the policy to commit no capital offences; but Jean's sons were all hanged one day. Scott, in the eighth chapter of Guy Mannering, says, their mixture with the Border people gave them a peculiar ferocity, quite alien to their original character. "They understood all out-of-door sports, especially otter-hunting, fishing, and fowling game. They had the best and boldest terriers, and sometimes had good pointers for sale. In winter the women told fortunes, the men showed tricks of legerdemain; and these accomplishments helped to wile away a weary or stormy evening in the circle of the 'farmers ha'.' The wildness of their character, and the indomitable pride with which they despised all regular labor, commanded a certain awe, which was not diminished by the consideration that these strollers were a vindictive race, and were restrained by no check either of fear or concalmess, from taking desperate vengeance upon those who had offended them.—These tribes were, in short, the *Parias* of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlements; and like them, judged of rather by their own customs, habits and opinions, than as if they had been members of the civilised part of the community. Some hordes of them yet remain, chiefly in such situations as afford a ready escape into a waste country, or into another jurisdiction. Nor are the features of their character much softened. Their numbers are, however, so greatly diminished, that instead of one hundred thousand, as calculated by Fletcher of Saltoun, it would now perhaps be impossible to collect above five hundred throughout all Scotland."

To be continued.

Modern Composers.

We have often wondered who the geniuses were that first composed our modern negro and steamboat melodies. "Jim Crow" and "Coney in the Holler" could not have composed themselves and somebody should have the credit for first bringing them to light. Who composed that beautiful melody of "*Tullip-bo-bo you know*" or who was the author of that soul stirring strain "*Horse go-he challenge.*" Who did it? What is there among the compositions of Handel, Haydn, or Mozart that can equal it? Have any of Rossini's compositions ever assisted in hoisting a barrel of sugar or a hogshead of tobacco?—never. Neukomm composed "The Sun," which we laudemen in our ignorance call beautiful; but the sailors would not sing it, not they. They prefer to

"Rise the Broken in one
Early in the morning"

Or that very sentimental affair which states that they went individually

——Down to Sam Sam Alley
Long time ago."

The musical public can wait no longer; their curiosity has been for a long time excited, and we now call upon the amateurs and professors of this beautiful and very popular style of music, to make known the composer's names; and if it be not too much trouble, the name of the poet, author of the following lines, at present so very fashionable on the Levee:—

"The fairies they grows small,
Over thar, over thar,
And they rode 'em stabs and all,
Over thar, over thar." *N. O. Pic.*

Modern Boasting.

We go to a ball. Merey upon us! is this what you call dancing? A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal the unwieldy animal puts himself into motions; he throws out his arms, stretches up his shoulders, and without moving a muscle of his face kicks out his legs, to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and goes back to his place, puffing and blowing like an otter, after a half hour's burst. And this is dancing!

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1841.

☞ REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post has been removed to the South West Corner of Chestnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

PAID OFFICE.

As we intend to keep the front rank, in both periodical literature and periodical embellishments, we offer the following liberal proposals for 1841. Those who wish to commence the year with us, should let us know at once.

For $3 in ADVANCE free of Postage, we will forward the Saturday Evening Post THREE YEARS to one subscriber, or to THREE SUBSCRIBERS, for one year.

For $6 we will forward TWO copies of the Post and ONE copy of Graham's Magazine, a three dollar monthly periodical, ENTIRELY ORIGINAL in its literature, and splendidly embellished with original MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING'S on steel, and colored FASHION'S MONTHLY.

For $7 we will forward TWO copies of the Post and TWO copies of the Magazine.

For $10 cash, current money, we will send THREE copies of the Post and THREE of the Magazine to any part of the United States, or Canada.

$10 will procure FIVE COPIES of Graham's Magazine, separately from the paper. Or SEVEN COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post.

SINGLE COPIES of the Magazine $3 in advance, of the Post, $2 in advance, or $3 at the end of the year.

To entitle any subscriber to the benefit of these offers, ALL ARREARAGES MUST BE FIRST PAID, and these terms are allowed to NONE, unless they deal directly with the office by mail, or otherwise on the CASH system.

☞ The safest way for subscribers at a distance to send their subscription is to enclose it in a letter, get the nearest Post Master to frank it, and send it in UNCLE SAM'S mail bag; AT OUR RISK. Try it, as we scarcely miss a letter in a year at this office, and if we do we suffer the loss, and the works are invariably forwarded.

Cheap Theatres.

The decline of the drama is proverbial, and its licentiousness is becoming universal. Even its old defenders are learning to decry it. In the degradation of its actors, and the growing immorality of its characters we perceive the sure insignia of a corrupt and worthless stage.

So long, however, as the prices of admittance to our theatres were kept at a price sufficiently high to exclude all but adults, the pernicious influence wielded by the stage was confined to a comparatively narrow class,—and the baneful principles of the generality of the pieces, and the still more deleterious effect of the company resorting to such places, was felt only among that class, which, was most fitted, to resist their allurements. But now the danger is increased. The withering influence of our theatres is extended to a frightful degree. The low price to which tickets have been reduced, by placing the means of admittance within the reach of half-grown boys, has infused a poison into the morality of Philadelphia, whose baneful influence will be felt, too surely, before long.

We despise cant. We abhor hypocrisy. But above all, we scorn the man who is either ashamed or afraid to proclaim the truth. Nor is cant confined to one set of opinions. The wretches who make a boast of crime, and exclude all from their society but villains, are canters—the man who upholds a peculiar code of etiquette and proscribes whoever is not his follower is a canter—and the misguided lover of theatrical pageants, who turns into ridicule all who oppose the drama is still a canter, though of another sort: in short, the cry of cant, so often raised against the foes of theatres, may be retorted with equal justice against the fools who too often, are plucked by them, or the knaves who, too often, conduct them.

We object then, in the name of all that is moral in Philadelphia, against cheap theatres. They have all the evils of the larger ones, and none even of their slender virtues. Their actors are generally of the worst character; their patrons are composed of the vilest scum of our town,—and they are infested with the lowest, most wanton, and depraved of our population. They are not only schools for immorality, but for crime.

The youth who enters them, has made the first false step. The surrounding temptations are sure to entrap him, after his mind has been infected with the poison of the stage. He comes out, like a victim from a lazar-house, spotted with the pestilence, which, sooner or later, shall destroy him.

We are led to these remarks from learning, that the audiences at the cheap theatres are made up, for the most part, of idle apprentices, half grown boys, a few hardened villains, and the most degraded of the female sex. Hither the young are seduced by the cheapness of the price, to imbibe principles to make them, not men and republicans, but—we will not mince words—blackguards, if not villains. Look to it parents, guardians, and masters.

The whole theatrical taste is so depraved, at present, that there is little of instruction to be gained even in our larger theatres, and we cannot close this article without quoting a paragraph from Blackwood, on the same subject, in which, speaking of the morbid taste for pageants, and foreign dancers, that Magazine properly denounces Taglioni for "demanding for a few nights of pirouetting and bounding at the Italian Opera—a sum which would feed the peasantry of a province for a month; and *amassing money which might raise the drooping sculpture, painting, music, and literature of an empire.*"

Mr. Chandler's Lecture.

The lecture of Jos. R. Chandler, Esq. on Thursday evening week, before the Carroll Institute, was one of his most polished productions. The subject was "Parental Duties," and the lecturer handled it with all that excellent sense, and pleasantness of manner for which he is so remarkable. Mr. Chandler is well known for his peculiar ability, in speaking on any subject relating to "home:" and the domestic duties and affections, be they those of parent, husband, wife, or child, become, in his hands, more lovely and impressive than ever. Such subjects, moreover, are instructive; they teach us proper views of our relations in life; and if every lecturer would thus devote himself to improving, instead of merely amusing his audience, how much more beneficial would the system of lectures become.

Recognition.

The United States Bank has been for some days, paying specie, and the other Banks have very generally resumed. Owing, however, to the inconsiderable amount of their notes in circulation, there has been but little specie paid out except at the counter of the U. S. Bank. Even there the demand for it is comparatively light, and excepting among a few note holders, here and there, there appears to be full confidence in that institution. We have no doubt things will soon return once more to their old level; and such of our citizens, as wish it, have plenty of small change and silver.

Bird's New Store.

We perceive that the Messrs. Hirsts have opened a Seed, Horticultural, and Agricultural establishment, at No. 37 south Fourth street—where flowers and seeds of every variety and of the choicest kind may be obtained. The experience of the senior partner in the business, warrants a confidence of success.

New Publications.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,—*by G. W. Bethune, D. D.*—We have been favored with a copy of this chaste and instructive essay, published at the request, and for the society there named. It is a highly praiseworthy production, and characterized throughout by that fine taste, and polished eloquence for which Dr. Bethune is remarkable. We cannot resist the temptation to copy the following sterling paragraph:

The prejudice of dark ages, when a blue armoury constituted labor, by any form, a disreputable occupancy, is passing away, and should have no place in a philosophical or republican mind. To determine a man's position in society by the honest calling he follows in life, is as contrary to the justice of good sense, as it is to the genius of our political institutions. The petty distinctions of social rank, which have obtained in this country, equize the deserved ridicule of calm observers from other lands. Nothing can be more absurd than pride of family, in people who scarcely know the birth-places of their grandfathers; or on assertion of superior nobility, by one who sells cloth in packages, over another who sells ribands by the yard, or by the assertion of lineage in hogsheads, or of kilderkins, over him who makes brushes or shoes: or by the professional man over either, when he is in reality the paid servant of all. We are members of our body, more or partly dependent upon, and contributive to each other's well-being. To look down upon a neighbor because his way of serving the community differs from our own, is to despise themselves. We should own no superiority but that of age, worth, and wisdom. The highest officer of our government is entitled to honor only as he faithfully ministers to the people's good; and for one, without any reference to parties or individuals; I can see no humiliation in the retirement of a statesman, conscious of truth, from his lost magistracy to his farm; while I repose that there is but a single step from the Log Cabin to the Capitol. It proves the working light leaven of that blessed doctrine which our fathers wrote upon the bond of our confederacy, the native equality of the people.

Yet, certainly, cultivated intelligence is, as it should be, necessary to real respectability. The mere merchant is little better than a common carrier, and the mere mechanic than an animated machine, convenient and useful in supplying the needs and luxuries of the community. To win our trust and deference, they must prove themselves mentally and morally worthy of it. It is when, leaving behind them with the dust of their warehouses and workshops, the chaff for good, they show a liberal sympathy and a wise zeal for social advancement; when the wealth they may have acquired is devoted not to ostentatious display, but to the patronage of art, the furtherance of learning, science and religion; and when the poor receive their indication and, the stranger their cheering hospitality, and every man their kindly courtesy, that we own them as brothers in their manhood, and venerate them as fathers after their heads are crowned with a right some honor. The acquire the elements of such a character some years may well be spent in cultivating a taste for graceful thought, habits of philosophical observation, and sound notions of Christian, politic and economical ethics.

"GRAHAM'S LADIES' AND GENTLEMANS' MAGAZINE, *for February*, 1841.—The publisher has taken time by the fore lock, and is determined by issuing his Magazines in quick succession, with each number improved in style of embellishments, and the worth of the literary matter, to prove that there will be no humbug, and no flagging in the work.

The present number is splendidly embellished with an original Mezzotinto Engraving, on steel, by Sartain, from the original picture of the "BLIND GIRL OF POMPEII," by Leutze—a plate of Fashions, with three figures, colored—Shooting, illustrated—and two pages of Music.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE NUMBER.

Author of Cruising in the Last War; Mrs. C. H. W. Ealing; Jesse E. Dow; C. J. Peterson; J. Ross Browne; J. Topham Evans; George Lunt; J. W. Forney; George R. Graham; Mrs. M. S. B. Dana; E. Armstrong; S. D. Anderson; Charles West Thomson; Author of "Syrian Letters."

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

The Blind Girl of Pompeii, from Bulwer: The Reefer of '76, by author of Cruizing in the Last War; The Dream of the Delaware; My Grandmother's Tankard, by J. E. Dow; The Rescued Knight; Little children, by Mrs. C. H. W. Ealing; The Silver Digger, by J. Topham Evans; Skating, by George Lunt; The Syrian Letters; The Soul's Destiny, by Mrs. M. S. B. Dana; The Saccharomyan Philosophy; Whether, by J. W. Forney; The Confessions of a Miser, by J. Ross Browne; The Fairy's House; Not Lost,—But Gone Before, by Charles West Thomson; Music—Not for Me—for the Piano Forte; Sports and Pastimes; Review of New Books.

The present number may take rank with any Magazine of the day, and in embellishments it surpasses any. We hope to be enabled in our next to quote the opinions of our brethren of the press, as to its merits. Terms $3 per annum, or two copies yearly for $5, invariably in advance.

THE TOWER OF LONDON, A HISTORICAL ROMANCE—*by W. H. Ainsworth,*—1 *vol. illustrated—Lea & Blanchard.*—This work has had an unparalleled run in London, and done much to retrieve the author's reputation, injured by that crude romance Jack Sheppard. The present work is free alike from the puerilities, and improbable incidents of the former novel, and being wholly historical, as well as highly descriptive, cannot fail to be popular. The illustrations are by Cruikshank.

One of the prominent characters in the Romance is Lady Jane Grey, the meek, accomplished, and beautiful victim of Mary. Her trials shed an interest around the work, which will make it universally read.

"HENRY VERNA, THE DUELLIST—*A Poem by Rev. Frederick W. Beasley—Philadelphia, Hermann Hooker.*"—This is a neat little volume, of some excellent typography. The author has done himself credit in the composition. The Poem does not contain a direct attack upon the duellist, but essays to win him from the practice by language lofty and ennobling—by throwing around him the fetters and endearments of home, and its associations, and by awakening in the mind, a consciousness of duties to man and God. We commend the little volume to the perusal of our readers.

A SYSTEM OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE, *Comprised of Original Dissertations, by Alexander Tweedie, M. D.—Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*—This is an excellent work, and should be in the hands of every professional man. The volume contains a series of papers upon Organic Respiration, which embody a vast amount of useful hints and practical truth. The work is neatly bound in cloth, and the topography is good.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE, *for January*, is upon our table. It contains its usual array of sterling articles. One is on the East India and Opium Trade—another on a General Bankrupt Law—another on Turkey, Egypt, and Mehemet Ali—another on the Coal Business of the United States, and another on Imprisonment for Debt. No Magazine in the country, is edited with more ability and tact.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD—No. IV.—This valuable religious periodical has attained its fourth number, and its worth may be known from the writers who support it, among whom we may mention the Rev. Ans Shinn, Rev. B. B. Schrock, Rev. A. A. Lipscomb, Rev. A. Webster, Rev. Dr. Bethune, and the editor, Rev. T. H. Stockton, all contributors to the present number.

THE PHILADELPHIA VISITER, *for January.*—This Periodical, embellished with colored fashions, and filled with choice literary matter, is upon our table. We recommend it to the fairer sex. *Price, $1.25 per annum.*

WALLER'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—This is the first number of this excellent work, issued since its publication has been resumed. We are glad once more to hail an old friend.

Brown's Filterers.

We have had the pleasure during the past week, of testing the Water Filterers, manufactured by Evans, in Second street, below Chestnut, and we must express our admiration of them. The muddiest water, is in a few minutes made as clear as crystal. In fine, they are first rate articles,—and one should be owned by every family, now that the late heavy floods have disturbed and muddied the Schuylkill water, and rendered it anything but *pure*.

New Music.

Messrs. Geo. W. Hewitt & Co. No 194 Chestnut, have just published a fine assortment of music of the newest and most popular kind. Among other pieces we notice "A Southern Refrain," by J. T. S. Sullivan, Esq. of this city, "The Charm has Departed," "I Pray for Thee," as sung by Mrs. Wood—and "The New Sunbonnet." The best assortment of music got up in the handsomest style may always be had at Hewitts.

Concert of the Blind.

The pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, will give a Concert on Tuesday Evening next, at the church of the Rev. Mr. Todd, in Sixteenth below Spruce Street. It will undoubtedly be something superior, and "the Oratorio of the Judgment," will draw a full house. Some of the sweetest singing that we ever heard, was by Pupils of this Institution.

A Friend.

The free people of color of this city, have presented to David Paul Brown Esq. an elegant Silver Pitcher, in testimony of their respect for his eminent services in their behalf. The workmanship is by Messrs. Bard and Lamont of Arch street, and compliments their skill.

Assault on Americans by British Troops.

We learn that an outrage was committed upon three American gentlemen while on their way from Bangor to Canada, which, if true, will only add to the excitement and bad feeling already existing in that quarter. The account says that Thomas F. Templeton, George Cady and John H. Kenwick were stopped near Madawaska by a part of British armed soldiers, who insulted them and without provocation assaulted them. Mr. Cady was knocked down with a blow from a musket, Mr. Templeton received a bayonet wound in the shoulder, and Mr. Kenwick, trying to escape, received a bullet in his thigh. An officer then came up and checked further hostilities.

The Boston Herald gives the following account of the cause of the outrage:—

"Mr. Cady inquired of one of the soldiers the most direct road to take. He gave him the necessary information, when four others came up and asked Mr. Cady some impertinent questions as to the object of his journey. Mr. C. replied very properly and proceeded to turn the horses into the road, when one of the squad stepped in front of the carriage and asked what the feelings of the people were in relation to the burning of the Caroline. Mr. Templeton said they were very naturally indignant at such a dastardly act, and that every true American warmly expressed a hope that McLeod, the leader of the offenders, should suffer the severest punishment of the laws of the country. 'If McLeod burnt that old hulk,' replied the soldier, 'he deserves our thanks, and if a hair of his head is injured, you and your d—d country will be made to repent in dust and ashes.' The gentleman made no other reply to this insolent remark, than to request the leaders to allow them a free and unmolested passage. But four or five of them seized the reins, and charged the gentlemen as 'spies,' and refused to let them pass unless they subjected themselves to a search. The gentlemen remonstrated upon this unparalled proceeding, and as they were unarmed, not having even a cane to protect themselves with, they were unable to offer any resistance. One of the ruffians then seized Mr. Cady by his coat and attempted to pull him from the carriage, the other two gentlemen threw the soldier from the carriage and fell prostrate in the street. The whole party then came up and made a dreadful attack upon the gentlemen. The officer who came up had the wounded gentleman conveyed to the camp, and medical aid immediately procured for him."

The following is a copy of the letter from Sir John Harvey to Governor Fairfield, relative to the arrival of a reinforcement of British troops in the Madawaska settlement, from Quebec:—

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Fredericktown, N. B.
December 10, 1840.

SIR,—As your Excellency will doubtless be informed that a detachment of Her Majesty's troops has lately arrived in the Madawaska settlement, I deem it to consist with that frankness by which I trust my intercourse with the authorities of Maine has always been characterised, to acquaint you that the movement in question, made by order of the Governor General of these provinces has no other object than to give support to the civil authorities of that settlement—one of whose magistrates, Francis Rice, Esq. has been grossly insulted, threatened with personal violence, and obstructed in the discharge of his duties by persons professing themselves to be citizens of the State of Maine, and another, James McLaughlin, Esq. also a magistrate of this province and holding the office of "warden of the disputed territory," has been threatened by the persons in charge of the armed posses stationed at "Fish River," with being arrested and sent as a prisoner to Augusta, in the event of his persevering in the performance of the duties imposed upon him by the Government of the Queen, and that of this province.

Whether the assertion made, as I am assured, by this person, that in holding this language he is only acting in accordance with his instructions, be correct or otherwise, your Excellency will know—but I feel assuring, as I have done to believe that he can have received any authority for a proceeding which I must regard as inconsistent with existing engagements, I have not hesitated in expression to the Governor General my conviction that an armed civil posse corresponding in amount and description with that maintained by Maine, will be found quite adequate to effect the object in view, viz. the prevention of acts of unauthorized aggression or interference, as regards the inhabitants or authorities of the Madawaska settlement—and I have accordingly no reason, doubt, that, acting upon this suggestion, His Excellency will forthwith give directions for the troops to be withdrawn to their former station.

I have the honor to be, with great consideration, your Excellency's most obedient servant,

J. HARVEY.

His Excellency the Governor of the State of Maine.

From Buenos Ayres.

By the arrival of the brig Cervantes, at New York, on the 10th inst. from Rio de Janeiro we have received further intelligence from distracted Buenos Ayres. The most important news that the blockade of the capital has been raised by the French forces before the city.

Dates from Monte Video are to the 21st of October, and from Rio de Janeiro to the 6th of November.

All the intelligence relative to that portant movement on the part of the French is contained in the letter takin from the "Journal Commercio" of Nov. 10:—

From Rio de Plata.

MONTEVIDEO, 21st Oct 1840.

I have to communicate to you important news we received yesterday from Buenos Ayres, by the French brig Vegie.

As soon as the commander of the vessel had a correspondence with the Admiral, capital, intelligence was conveyed from the fire Atlante, to all the captains of the French ships in this port, that they could proceed to Buenos Ayres.

It then appears that peace has been concluded, and that the French question is ended, but the conditions of the treaty are unknown. The French were only informed of it, advised to make the most of it. The French ends in this port will, without doubt, improve the opportunity immediately.

There is a great deal of agitation here against the French in consequence and it is supposed they will suffer somewhat.

The vessels in this port are nearly ready to start. It is supposed on good authority, that this government will go to war against of Buenos Ayres. It will take instant steps to blockade that port as soon as the French are.

Rivera says that the cause Rosas will finish only on the point of the sword.

This news has stopped all commercial transactions. The last sale of Flour was at 16 dollars, and fall at 9 reals on board. Exchange on London 45.

N. B. I have to say that persons on board of the Atlantic assure me that the conditions of the treaty concluded between Rosas and Machas are favorable to Rosas and Buenos Ayres.

By this we learn that as soon as the French leave the Argentine Rivers, will commence operations against them. So they will have no peace. Rivera arrived at Montevideo on the 27th of October, and was received with enthusiasm. He immediately assumed the reins of government. He was doing actively.

The intelligence from the seventh paragraph of the Brazilian papers is satisfactory.

The territory on the Amazon had been abandoned by the French.

It was expected that good order would soon be restored in Maranhaun. The Imperialist had uniformly been successful over the rebels.

Nothing decisive had been received from Rio Grande. General Andrea was preparing to attack the rebels. But Gonsalves said he would only treat with the Imperial government direct.

The attention of the Metropolitan province had been almost exclusively occupied with the voting for the electors who are to choose the members for the Chamber of the General Legislative assembly of the four years, 1842 to 1845. No serious disturbance had taken place. Every thing appeared favorable to the present ministers.

Cura was a little excited by the elections.

A Perilous Adventure.

The freshet has caused a number of serious accidents; but the most interesting one which we have heard of, occurred at Norristown. The circumstances are as follows:—A fine new canal boat drifted from some place above Norristown, and struck the shore just above the town. Seven men boarded her, with the intention of taking her to a place of greater safety, and therefore commenced pushing her off from the shore with poles; but no sooner was she free from the land, than the current swept her rapidly down the stream. A long rope which was on board was thrown out to some men on shore, who caught it, and made it fast around the trunk of a tree; but it was parted in an instant, and the boat drifted swiftly down the stream toward the bridge, under which the water was running to within six inches of the floor. Two men who were near the bridge saw the boat coming down, and bearing the crisis of the men, ran swiftly round to the bridge, and succeeded in removing several weather boards from the side before the boat reached it. The boat came down bow foremost, and struck with much violence against the bridge, directly opposite one of the openings which had been made, and heeled slowly round, giving time to the men to leap through the opening. A moment after they had got safely out, the boat sunk under the bridge, and came out on the other side completely broken in half. Had not the two persons last named removed the boards from the side of the bridge, there is no doubt that the whole seven men would have been killed.

Mrs. Harrison.

A correspondent of a Providence paper, writing from Cincinnati, says: "Mrs. Harrison has for many years lived in great retirement, and I am informed it is now more than twelve years since she visited this city. She is a lady of most exemplary character—of strong domestic feelings, and warm, glowing piety. She is much absorbed in the care of her numerous family, and much attached to the old homestead; and it is probable she will continue to make North Bend the place of her residence most of the time. The honors of the White House will be dispensed, it is supposed, by one of her daughters."

Latest Foreign News.

Arrival of the Garrick.

From the New York Herald of Monday last we condense the following summary of Foreign news, received by the Garrick. The English and French papers are filled principally with accounts of the interment of Napoleon, and the settlement of the Egyptian question.

The principal piece of news is the splendid pageant to Paris called the Funeral of Napoleon. All the English and French papers are filled with the particulars. The markets are much the same as by the last accounts. Cotton has advanced 1-8 of a penny. No change in the money market. The Britannia arrived 14 days. The British Queen had not arrived 9 London on the 19th of December.

Egypt.

The definitive offer of submission made at length on the part of Mehemet Ali has been confirmed. The terms of a convention were agreed upon and signed at Alexandria, on the 27th of November, by which the Pacha undertakes immediately to evacuate Syria, and to remove the Ottoman fleet, being guaranteed, in return, the hereditary government of Egypt.

England.

THE QUEEN AND COURT.—The Queen was to return to Windsor, Monday, Dec. 21st, with her baby, it may there till May. The Queen was well enough. Court Journal says to dine with Prince Albert on 15th of December. Her child is to be christened February. On Wednesday, December 16, the ceremony of churching the Queen was performed in her Majesty's private apartments at Buckingham palace, by Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. There were present only his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Lady in Waiting and the Deputy Clerk of the Closet. Queen Adelaide, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duchess of Gloucester, are to be the godmothers of her royal highness, and the Duke of Sussex, the godfather.

There has been a savage murder on the Glasgow and Edinburgh railway, fifteen men have been committed, and ten more are in custody.

A crazy woman, called the Countess of Resterlit, attempted to stab the sentry at Buckingham palace.—She is in custody, and claims the throne of England.

The weather has been very cold in England, with much snow.

Several large class frigates are to be built in England this year.

FAILURES.—Several more heavy failures have taken place in England. Fox & Co. of Birmingham, failed for £150,000; Gaunson of Co. of Belfast, failed for £10,000.

There has been a very extensive robbery in the Birmingham Post Office.

Several destructive floods and freshets have occurred in England and Ireland, destroying much property.

The papers are dull, as the main question, that of the east, which so long occupied them is considered as an event accomplished.

The appeal of Madame Lafarge has been rejected.

A project of law for the fortifications of Paris, the expenses of which amounts to 140 millions, was presented to the Chamber of Deputies on Saturday.

The weather has been intensely cold in Paris.

Napoleon's Interment.

The interment of the remains of Napoleon in the Invalides took place on Tuesday, 15th December. The whole line of the procession from the banks of the Seine to the Hotel des Invalides was adorned on both sides with military trophies, and a more magnificent pageant, all the accounts agree in saying, has never been witnessed, even in Paris. From four in the morning, undeterred by the coldest day that has been experienced during the present winter in France, thousands proceeded to the several advantageous positions which different localities presented for the viewing of the procession.

At nine o'clock the first gun was fired, on the banks of the Seine, at Courbevoie, where a park of artillery was stationed. From the temple, erected on the left bank of the river, the Abbe Coquereau and a numerous clergy, in full canonicals, then moved and proceeded towards the steamer La Dorade. His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville met them as they approached between two lines of troops, and after the exchange of salutations, turned toward the vessel lined by the sailors from La Belle Poule, a body of whom proceeded to raise the coffin, and transported it to the temple, the priests going before, chanting, according to the usage of the Catholic church. The remains of the Emperor were deposited there for two hours, the religious rites which were there performed, having lasted thus long. During the procession a large bird of prey was observed hovering over the Esplanade, and this, by some, was immediately converted into an eagle. Had this occurred when Rome was in her infancy, it would doubtless have been considered as an omen, or that Jupiter had sent his aerial messenger, the bearer of his thunderbolts, to welcome the depart

POST

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☞ L. Tompkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen will please liquidate their accounts at once.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Farmers' Bank of the City of Troy, Troy, N. Y.—3's letter B, pay bearer, dated in 1839. Signed P. Wells, Cashier; G. Corning, President. Vignette, Mercury—Ship under sail. On right end denomination of the note, and on left full length figure of Washington. Engravers name not on the note.

James Bank, Jamesville, N. Y.—5's letter A. pay to J. O. Bennett, April 4, 1839. A. D. Grinnell, Cashier; J. W. James, President. Filling up and Cashier's name engraved. Miserably executed.

Bank of the United States.—10's letter B. new plate, dated Jan. 12, 1839.

United States Bank.—The English agent of this institution has succeeded in obtaining a loan of £500,000, or about two and a half millions of dollars. This will render the Bank better able to resume specie payments.

Political Intelligence.

Appointments by the President, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.—Land Officers.*—Purdy McElvain, re-appointed Register of the Land Office at Marion, Ohio, from 8th January, 1841. Matthew Gayle, re-appointed Receiver of Public Moneys at Cahaba, Alabama, from January 11, 1841. Edward F. Comegys, Receiver of Public Money at Tuscaloosa, Ala., vice William G. Paris, resigned. Rev. Martin P. Parks, of Norfolk, Va., to be Chaplain and Professor of Geography, History and Ethics, at the Military Academy, West Point, in the place of the Rev. Jasper Adams, resigned.

Massachusetts.—On Thursday, the Legislature of this State assembled in Boston. R. C. Winthrop, who has for several years past presided over the House of Representatives, having been transferred to a seat in the National Legislature, the House will be under the necessity of selecting a new Speaker. A United States Senator, is likewise to be chosen to fill the place of John Davis, elected Governor of the State. A great many candidates are spoken of, among the rest John Quincy Adams, the Ex-President.

Maine.—The Legislature of this State met on the 6th inst. There is a large majority of Whigs in both branches; in the Senate the majority is two to one. Richard H. Vose was elected President of the Senate. In the House, after three ballotings, there was no choice of a Speaker, and an adjournment took place, for the first time since the State was created, without effecting an election. Several of the Whigs refused to vote for the caucus candidate.

Massachusetts.—The Legislature met and organized on the 6th inst. The Hon. George Ashmun, of Springfield, was elected Speaker of the House, on the second ballot. The Hon Daniel P. King was re-elected President of the Senate, having received 32 of the 34 votes polled for that office.

Retrenchment and Reform.—The Illinois Senate have adopted a resolution to inquire into the expediency of discharging all the officers, engineers, and agents of the Board of Public Works, including the Board itself, and to appoint some person to collect and preserve the public property.

Massachusetts.—We are informed that Mr Borden, Whig, has been elected to Congress from the 10th District.—His plurality over Williams the present member, is 598; his majority 388. The majority against Williams is 792.

Tennessee Senator.—The Governor of Tennessee has appointed the Hon A. O. P. Nicholson, of Maury county, to occupy the vacancy in the U. S. Senate, by the death of Judge Grundy.

Virginia Senator.—The Legislature of Virginia has agreed to go into the election of an United States Senator on the 18th inst.

The Delaware.

In the Delaware river, the waters on Saturday last rose higher by an inch than they did the day previous, and entirely overflowed nearly every wharf in the city, except the two Girard wharves, just above Market street. Such was the strength of the freshet, there was no perceptible tide on that day, but a continual and rapid current downward. On Friday night, two bridges went down past the city, and early on Saturday morning, a very large covered one also went down. We took a walk along the wharves at noon, and in some places the water was several inches above the level of the stores, and was only kept out by boards well secured and tightly caulked. At the lower side of Market street, we saw the Camden ferry boat waiting where the end of the wharf was *supposed to be*, while her passengers were conveyed to her from the ferry house, by means of furniture wagons. Poor people were out in boats in all directions, picking up the wood, spars &c. adrift.—They caught great quantities—sufficient to make them comfortable through the winter. We saw one man catch a bedstead, and as we came away, four or five had started after a small house that was going down with the stream. Near Arch street, the water, close up by the warehouses on the wharf, was so deep that it reached the hubs of the lower wheels of a wagon we saw going through it.

Loss of the Garrick.—There were sixty two persons on board of the Packet Ship Garrick, from Liverpool, at the time she was wrecked on Thursday week near Sandy Hook. Of this number eight were the crew of the British brig Eugenia, from St. Johns, N. B., bound to Dublin, which became water logged, and the crew were taken from the wreck on the 24th of December. The female passengers evinced great courage during the disaster. We are happy to learn that all the passengers have reached New York in safety, with their baggage. The vessel bilged shortly after the passengers landed, but had not gone to pieces on Friday afternoon. She must, however, prove a total loss, though the cargo may be saved in a damaged state.

Rail Road Accident.—The three o'clock train of cars from Boston, on Saturday afternoon, when near Gwinn's Ropewalk, between Salem and Beverly, came in contact with a one-horse chaise, containing a Mr Teal, his wife and child. Mrs. Teal and the horse were instantly killed, while Mr. Teal and the child escaped without injury. It is said that the bell was rung, and every effort was made by the conductor of the train to avoid the collision, but without effect.

Flood in the Connecticut.—The recent freshet caused a greater rise in the Connecticut river than has been witnessed since 1801. At Hartford it was twenty-six feet above low water mark, and inundated upwards of seventy of the principal warehouses, besides a large number of dwellings. Several of the latter were swept away.

Fire and Loss of Life.—The extensive property of William Phillips, Esq., at Point Levi, Quebec, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 23d ult. and one woman, a Canadian girl, perished in the flames.

Naval.—The United States sloop of war Cyane was at Toulon on the 29th of November last, to sail for Mahon—all well on board.

City News.

Another Murder.—Frazier, the colored man, who was so seriously assaulted and stabbed on Saturday night, in McDermott's Court, Moyamensing, died at the Hospital on Sunday night, from the effects of his wounds. Monday morning, the Coroner held an inquest upon the body, the jury returning a verdict "that the deceased died from wounds inflicted by a sharp pointed steel instrument." Tougal and Medara the two men committed to prison, the jury believed to be the perpetrators of the murder. Dr. Stilley on Monday, made a post mortem examination of the body, the result of which proved the correctness of the verdict of the jury. The principal wound, it seems, was in the abdomen, causing an internal effusion of blood into the cavity of the belly which produced death. The deceased was 23 years of age.

Theft, Profanity and Threatening to Kill.—Two young men named David Miller and William McLane on Thursday morning appeared before the Recorder charged each with stealing a quantity of boards from a lime yard out on the Schuylkill near Pine street, belonging to Enoch Walton, and the latter with threatening to kill one of the City watch, named Clark, who arrested him, and making use of the most horrid oaths and imprecations after being taken to the watch-house. The watchman testified that McLane, in threatening him, said, "I'll serve you as Rox (meaning John Rox, the murderer) serves men." Both the defendants were held to bail in $300 for the larceny; and McLane fined for profane swearing and held in $300 additional bail to keep the peace.

Mysterious Affair.—*Supposed Murder.*—On Friday night last the neighborhood of Callowhill street wharf, was alarmed between 10 and 11 o'clock, by shrieks and cries, as of a female in distress. Search was immediately made by several persons, but nothing discovered. Next morning, search was again made, and a terrible picture presented itself. Blood was found in many places on the wharf, and on the wharf-log. In a splint in the latter, a *woman's apron-string* was discovered, and on the sides of the logs towards the water, blood was smeared in a considerable quantity. It appeared as if some woman had had her throat cut on the wharf, her body dragged strugglingly along, and thrown overboard.

Not the Man.—Thursday morning, considerable excitement was created and the office of Alderman Mitchell completely besieged owing to a rumor prevailing that Heffron who is supposed to have murdered the old man Johnson in the Northern Liberties, had been taken and was in the Alderman's office. The rumor was correct as far as that an arrest had been made and that a prisoner was in his Honor's office, but it turned out that the arrested individual was not Heffron. Officer Jaggers, it seems, had arrested a person named Brown whom he had mistaken for Heffron from his strong resemblance to the latter. So much for identity.

Dreadful Assault.—On Sunday night, a young women, named Catharine Flint, residing in Baron street, made a desperate attempt to burn her husband, her husband's mother, and one of her sister's-in-law by throwing the contents of a pint bottle of oil of vitriol on their persons. The old woman lies in a very precarious state from the burns on her arms and breast; the sister-in-law is also badly burned. The husband fortunately escaped with the destruction of his clothes, no part of his person being burnt. The female who committed this wanton act of cruelty is still at large.

Counterfeiter Arrested.—On Thursday evening a man by the name of Samuel Forrest went into the store of Margaret McKennon, No. 69 South Fifth street, below Walnut, and purchased a pair of hose and tendered in payment a $3 counterfeit bill which purported to be of the Farmer's Bank of Troy, N. Y. Forrest was arrested and taken to the lock-up house on Friday morning; he underwent an examination before the Mayor, and was committed for a farther hearing in default of $1000 bail.

Fatal Accident.—Just before dusk on Friday evening last a man and a boy were seen in a batteau on the Schuylkill, about 200 yards above Fairmount dam, gathering drift wood brought down the river by the late freshet. Having come too near the dam they were carried by the current of the river over the dam, and the batteau upsetting, they sunk to rise no more. The batteau was found shortly after bottom upwards, near the Market Street Bridge.

Northern Liberties.—The Commissioners of the Northern Liberties, on Tuesday evening, elected the following persons as School Directors of that District for the ensuing year—John C. Smith, R. G. Lanning, John Parker, George M. Justice, William F. Forepaugh, Wm. F. Ireland, Richard L. Lloyd, John Richle, John Childs, Benjamin Baker, Robert Wallace and John Shaffer.

Child Killed by Laudanum.—The Coroner on Sunday afternoon was called to view the body of a child, whose parents reside in Christian street above Front. The evidence before the jury, showed that the nurse had given the child an overdose of laudanum through mistake, and that it died in consequence. Verdict accordingly.

Effects of Intemperance.—The Coroner was called to a house in Small street above Sixth on Saturday evening, to view the body of a colored child, whose death had resulted from its being overlain by its mother, while she was in a beastly state of inebriation.

A Pardon.—The United States Marshall on Wednesday morning, received from President Van Buren, a pardon for George Wilson, convicted and sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary in 1830, as an accomplice of Porter, the mail robber, who was hung.

Great Concert.—There was a splendid Sacred Concert at the Chapel in Willing's alley on Sunday evening. We were unable to attend but are assured that it was a perfect luxury to the amateur of sweet sounds.

Unwholesome Meat.—A farmer from New Jersey, named Andrew C. Ridgeway, was on Saturday morning fined $5 and costs, by Alderman Mitchell for exposing for sale in High street market an unwholesome pig.

Painted Horses.—A short time since a gentleman of Virginia bought a pair of crow black horses, which, after a few days' service, proved to have been artificially colored.

A Vacancy.—Gen. Michael W. Ash resigned his office of Navy Agent for this port, on the 8th inst.

Extensive Mail Robberies.

We mentioned in last week's Post that a number of robberies of the mail between New York and the West, had taken place since the 6th of November last, the perpetrators of which had eluded the utmost vigilance of the department and the police. We are now pleased to learn from the Baltimore Sun, that Messrs. Howard, Kennedy and George Plitt, special agents of the department, have succeeded in tracing these depredations to their authors, four of whom were arrested at Washington and Union Town, Pennsylvania, on the 7th inst. The first one arrested was a mail driver named Corman, who voluntarily made a confession which led to the capture of the others, whose names are Doctor Braddee, of Union Town, the chief of the gang; a man named Purnell, who acted as his clerk, and another named Strayer, his tool. The Doctor either is, or pretends to be, exceedingly illiterate, though it is evident that he is the principal rogue, and it is even supposed that he has accomplices in other sections of the country. On searching his residence a number of mail bags, travelling trunks and valises were found, besides upwards of $10,000, which were secreted in a hay-mound, and of which a part can be identified by Mr. Tyler of Louisville, Ky. as having been mailed by him in November last.

Great praise is due to Messrs Kennedy and Plitt for their activity and success in discovering these robbers. They are still pursuing their searches and will probably make additional discoveries in a few days.

From Florida.

We learn that intelligence to the 30th ult. from Apalachicola states that there is once more a strong prospect of the restoration of peace in Florida. Tiger-tail and sixteen other Indians have surrendered themselves and arms to Col. Riley of Fort King, and express a desire to relinquish all further hostilities. Tus-tu-nug-gee was expected to come in shortly also. These pacific demonstrations are said to have been made through the influence of the sister of Tiger-tail, who is represented as the most beautiful and princely woman of her tribe. On presenting herself to Gen. Armistead, she addressed him with all the eloquence and grace of nature, and told him that the home of her fathers, once so sweet and desirable as a place of abode had been despoiled of its pristine beauty, and lost its charm forever—that she came to the tent of the white man to sue for peace, and in the name of her tribe to proclaim that the tomahawk should henceforth be buried.

The Cherokee Delegation, in charge of Captain Page, of the U. S. Army, had gone into the heart of the nation, to hold council with the different tribes, and endeavor to persuade them to emigrate.

General News.

Loss of a New York Packet.—The packet ship Garrick, Capt. A. S. Palmer, went ashore early on Thursday morning during the fog, about 25 miles south of Sandy Hook. She was discovered about 10 o'clock by the Captain of the Schr. Palsey B. Blount, lying broadside on, and within a quarter of a mile of the shore. The passengers and crew appeared to be all gathered on the quarter deck, but no assistance could be offered to them, as the sea was exceedingly rough, and was making a breach over the wreck at the time. Another vessel passed the wreck a few hours afterwards, and was not able to discover any person on board. It is hoped they may have reached the shore in safety. A steamboat was despatched from New York by the underwriters of the Garrick, but it was supposed that no other vessel than a Pilot boat could reach her. She was owned by E. K. Collins of New York, and had six days later intelligence from Liverpool.

Daring Villainy.—In Providence, last Monday, about 3 o'clock, A. M. a servant girl going down stairs to make the fires, was attacked by two men, one a black fellow, the other with a mask over his face. They threw her on the floor, throttled her, and attempted to cut her throat with a case knife and afterward with a carving knife, but both were so dull that they did not accomplish it. One of the family hearing the noise, arose and alarmed the robbers, who fled, leaving behind them plate, clothing and other articles, they had collected. They carried away a gold watch, and about $80. It is supposed that they entered the house in the evening, and secreted themselves in the garret from which they descended after the family had retired. The girl was not seriously injured and is in a fair way of recovery.

Melancholy Shipwreck.—The schooner John McClung, Capt. Freeman, of this port, foundered on the 15th ult., in lat. 30, lon. 79 6, on her way from St. Thomas. The captain, mate and four seamen took to the boat, and, after much suffering, arrived off Mosquito bar, East Florida, on the 18th, but in attempting to land the boat swamped and the four men were drowned. The captain and mate were well received at a fishing station, under the protection of the post of New Smyrna, and are fast recovering from the effects of their perilous disaster. The men were two whites, Jonathan Drake, of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, aged 41 years, and James Chawesworth, of the same place, aged 30 years; and two colored, James Jones, of Pennsylvania, aged 46 years, and John Mills, of Lewistown, Delaware, aged 22 years.

Piracy and Murder.—The schooner Alexander was captured on the 27th ult. by a party of mercenaries who were going to Pensacola in her from Mobile. They had been put on board the schooner by a New Orleans shipping master, at the request of a shipper at Pensacola, and were engaged to man a vessel at the latter place. Americans had been particularly written for, but the men proved to be all foreigners, and their first act, after getting on board the Alexander, was to drive the Captain and crew on shore and murder the cook. They then proceeded to plunder the cargo, but, quarrelling among themselves, killed three of their own party and ran the vessel aground at Pass Christian, where she was boarded by an armed party from the shore, and the surviving desperadoes secured.

Texas.—The latest dates from Texas are to the 27th ult. President Lamar has obtained leave of absence from the country, and will shortly visit the U. States, for the benefit of his health. The Vice President has assumed the administration, and the Hon. Anson Jones has been elected President of the Senate. The settlements in the upper Trinity country have been greatly augmented by immigration. Immense numbers of negroes have been brought in, and the settlers of this as well as previous seasons are turning their attention almost exclusively to the cultivation of cotton. Many large fields have been and will be opened, and it is thought the amount of cotton in cultivation will equal that of almost any other section of country of equal extent.

Dreadful Fire.—A fire occurred at New Orleans early on the morning of the 27th ult., in the buildings between the Markets, on Old Levee street, by which several lives were lost, and about $31,000 worth of property consumed. The names of those who perished in the conflagration are Mrs. Brown and two children; a lad named Morrison, four years old; Mr Cunningham; Mr C. H. Rowan, a fireman; besides a colored woman, whose name is not given, and her child. The buildings were occupied as a ship chandlery and a dry goods store.

Parricide.—An old gentleman residing in Brentwood, N. H. was killed a short time since by his son. He was insane, and in one of his paroxysms, rushed on his son, when the latter thrust his hand toward him, and struck him on the nose, which immediately commenced bleeding, and so continued until he died. No blame whatever is attributed to the son—as he merely intended to defend himself from the attack of his father.

The Spirit Abroad.—It is stated that in every province in Spain there are numerous advocates of the establishment of a federal republic in that misgoverned country. We could wish them success, if we believed they would permit the state to remain revolutionized. But they are such inflammable and changeful creatures that we have no faith in their capacity to produce a permanent political reformation.

Murderer Arrested.—A man named McGuigan has been arrested at Norristown, charged with the commission of murder in that vicinity in 1836. A reward of $300 was offered at the time by Governor Ritner for the apprehension of the murderer. A man named Sheppard has been also committed to the Norristown jail, accused of the murder of Mr Coulson of Plymouth township.

Death of an Author.—James A. Hillhouse, the author of several meritorious dramatic poems and other poetic works, died at New Haven a few days ago, regretted by a large number of warm personal friends and a wide circle of admirers. He was a man of much genius, and occupied a favorable position among the literati of the country.

Stage Accident.—The mail stage from Niagara, Upper Canada, to Sandwich, was upset on the 16th ult. while descending a hill, and one of the passengers, William Collins, Esq. was killed. Mr. C. was attached to the army, and was the son of the Hon. William Collins, member of the British parliament.

Attempt to Break Jail.—Thirty-nine "birds" of various colors, attempted to uncage themselves from the Baltimore jail on Wednesday night, but were discovered and frustrated in their efforts. They had made their way through two of the cells and were cutting a hole in the yard wall when detected.

Horrid Death.—A man named Henry Cramer, while engaged in oiling the machinery near the large cog wheel in the mill of John H. Cathbaister, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. on Monday last, was caught by the coat in the cogs of a small wheel, drawn in, and instantly killed.

Railroad Accident.—The train of cars on the New Jersey railroad, running from Jersey city to Newark, came in contact with the train from this city on Wednesday last, on the Hackensack bridge, damaging one of the locomotives considerably, but resulting in no personal injury.

Hard Service.—Commandant Sturges of the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, in a letter dated off Cape Cod the 3d inst., states that the crew suffered considerably from the cold. He says the vessel was covered with ice and that all hands "might as well be on a whale's back such times."

Accidental Death.—Mr. M. W. Rathburn, of Springfield, N. J. was killed on the 29th ult. by the accidental discharge of his own gun, while engaged with several friends in hunting foxes. He was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends.

Fatal Affray.—A man named Donnavan was killed last week, in an affray among the workmen, on the canal in Erie county, in this State. An individual by the name of Alexander Mills has been lodged in jail, charged with their murder.

Acquitted.—The trial of Benj. F. Kellam, of Braintree Vt. charged with murdering his wife in Dec. 1839, commenced at Chelsea on the 23d ult. and resulted in his acquittal on the 25th, on the ground of insanity.

Resisting the Law.—The Deputy Sheriff of Montgomery Co., Ala., has been shot dangerously, in four places, while attempting to arrest a man named Kenyon Mooney, charged with two murders.

An Editor.—M. M. Noah, Esq. has been appointed Associate Judge of the Court of Sessions, N. Y., vice Edward Sanford, Esq. resigned.

Cool Enough.—On Friday morning week, the thermometer was 26 degrees below zero, in Norridgewock, Me.

Dr. D. Lardner.—Dr Lardner and Mrs Heavyside are in Boston.

The Deluge in France.—The inundation of the rivers Rhone and Saone, in France, appears to have destroyed more property and occasioned more distress than we had suspected. It appears that whole villages have disappeared, bridges swept, and many lives lost; in the lower parts of Lyons, hundreds of houses have been demolished by the inundations, which lasted upward of one month. The waters were several feet higher than ever was known before; higher than in the year 1711, when awful disasters occurred. The pecuniary loss is estimated at three hundred millions of francs, (nearly sixty millions of dollars.) The sufferings of the poor, particularly in the populous city of Lyons, are represented as beyond description.

Murder and Lynching.—Three runaway negroes armed themselves and committed depredations on the farms of Mr. Fountain, of Dauphin county, N. C., a few days ago, when a party of neighbors, headed by a son of Mr. Fountain, pursued and overtook them. The negroes refused to surrender and fired upon the party killing young Fountain. They afterwards gave themselves up and were lodged in jail, but were taken out by a number of white men, who broke open the prison, carried them about half a mile and shot them dead; leaving their bodies in the road.

The Flood on the Croton.—The New York Herald of Monday, published a detailed account of the destruction of property at and near the Croton Water Works by the late flood. Upwards of $1,000,000 worth of property, public and private, has been swept away, and several valuable lives lost. About sixty persons attached to the wire works of the Messrs. Baily, situated about a mile below the Croton dam, saved themselves by clinging to the trees during the raging of the waters. Among them were several women and children.

The Late Indian Murders.—It appears that Lieut. Sherwood and a Mrs. Montgomery, wife of Lieut. Montgomery, of the 7th Regiment of Infantry, were riding out for pleasure, under an escort of soldiers, and when only two miles from the military post of Micanopy, were fired on by a party of Indians. Lieut. Sherwood, Mrs. Montgomery, a sergeant major, and two privates of the escort, were killed. Mrs. M. was from Cincinnati, and had been married but a short time.

Buenos Ayres.—The cessation of the blockade of this port by the French will be of great advantage to the United States, in a commercial point of view. It is estimated that our trade with that port amounted to one million a year, before the blockade, and will reach the same amount during the ensuing year. The threat of Montevideo to commence another blockade is mere braggadocia; that government not possessing the force necessary to realize the boast.

Dreadful Accident.—The Northampton Courier states that on Thursday last, Mr. David Bliss, machinist, in Ames's Paper Mill, at South Hadley Falls, while attempting to place a band upon a wheel, was caught by the hand in the machinery, his arm drawn in up to his shoulder, and, before he could be rescued was carried round with the wheel three or four times. Such are his injuries, that his recovery is thought to be doubtful. He is 22 years old.

The McLeod Affair.—The arrest of McLeod and the published correspondence between the official representatives of the two governments have created quite a sensation on both sides of the Niagara. The American speaks savagely, while the Canadians it is said have organized a *secret corps*, and to proceed on a night expedition to Lockport, for the purpose of rescuing McLeod.

Missing War Steam Vessel.—The Halifax, N. S. Journal says that H. M. steamer Dee, which left that port for Bermuda, had not arrived there on the 23d December, then 28 days out. The supposition was that she either was compelled to bear away for the West Indies, or that she foundered at sea.

Naval Court Martial.—A court was convened at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on Monday, for the trial of three Midshipmen. It is composed of Capt. Renshaw, Perry, Cooper, Salter, and Commodore Paulding, Williamson, McIntosh, McCluney and Sands. John McKeon, Judge Advocate.

Brig Tigris.—Judge Davis of the Boston District Court, after a full examination, has ordered Capt. Frye and Mr. Burnham, the mate of the brig Tigris, to give bonds in the sum of $3,000 and $2,000, to answer the charge of seizing a native of Africa, on the coast, with intent of making him a slave.

Railroad Disaster.—A serious accident occurred on the railroad near Vicksburg on the 24th ult. On the return of the passenger cars from Jackson, the locomotive passed over a cow, forcing it off the track, literally crushing to death Mr. Brown, superintendent of motive power, and a negro boy.

Galveston Light House.—The Texians intend it is said, to run a brig ashore on the east end of Galveston, and by placing a lamp at her mast head, make her answer all the purposes of a temporary light house! This is a new and cheap mode of establishing light-house.

Handsome Present.—A gold medal weighing 5 ounces, cost £30, with a massive gold chain has been purchased by the young men of Halifax, (N. S.) to be presented to Capt. Palone, of Havana, who saved the survivors of the brig Vernon.

Improved Painting Press.—M. Leormand, a celebrated French mechanic, has made an improvement in the printing press, by which both sides of a sheet may be printed on the same cylinder and 4000 of the double impressions produced in an hour.

Arrest of a Suspected Murderer.—The Albany Advertiser states that on the 18th ult. a man named Alanson Slater, was arrested at Napoli, Cattaraugus county, on suspicion of having murdered his wife while residing in Hennita, Mich.

The Freshet.—Considerable damage has been done by the flood at Hartford, Conn. The water rose so high along the river that in some instances persons had to be taken out of the second story windows of their houses.

Drowned.—As several boys were returning home from school, in West Harwich, Mass., on Wednesday last, Isaac Bee, aged about ten years, attempted to cross a small salt water creek, but broke through the ice, and was drowned.

Fatal Accident.—On Thursday morning, John Pitts, a New York boatman, in attempting to board a vessel off the Battery, fell back, striking on the side of his boat, and was killed. He has left a wife and child.

Agreed to Pay for It.—The House of Representatives have agreed to pay the makers of the chandelier in full price, deducting $400, the value of the fragments, which the contractors are willing to take back.

Native Skill.—An improved clock has been invented by A. W. Crane, of Newark, N. J. It runs 378 days, with one winding, and is said to be an ingenious piece of mechanism.

The Garrick.—About six hundred cases and packages of merchandize, some in good order, have been landed from the wreck, strong hopes are entertained of getting the vessel off.

The Mormon City.—A bill to incorporate the Mormon city of Nauvoo, has been ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, in the Legislature of Illinois.

Another Murder.—A young man was severely beaten in Richmond a few evening's since, and has since died of his wounds. His assailant, Addison Johnson, has been arrested.

Newspapers.—There are 1555 in the United States; 267 in New England; 274 in New York; 252 in Pennsylvania, and 164 in Ohio, &c. &c.

Another Arrest.—A man named William Stokes, a Virginian, has been arrested at Brooklyn, charged with connection with the murder of the lad Phelps.

Counterfeits.—Fifty dollar notes of the West Branch Bank, at Williamsport, Penn., altered from fives, are in circulation.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money, with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar received by mail, at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 31st December to the 13th January.

Dec. 31, received from		Jan. 7, received from	
J. V. James,	$4 00	C. Knapp,	3 00
M. Baldwin,	2 00	J. H. Boyd,	2 00
Geo. R. Martin,	2 00	R. P. Owen,	2 00
Saml. G. Hill,	2 00	N. Hunt,	2 50
S. J. Longstreth,	2 00	R. Doble,	1 50
J. McMullen,	2 00	R. J. Kennerly,	3 00
Thos. Pound,	2 00	T. Stevens,	2 00
S. Moore,	2 00	R. W. Freeman,	3 00
R. R. Collady,	2 00	Wm. A. Ennis,	3 00
D. J. Freeland,	2 00	F. R. Elliott,	3 00
Wm. Carter, Esq.	20 00	J. Falzinger,	3 00
R. W. Finch,	2 50	J. Griswold,	2 50
D. Wells,	5 00	R. R. Strong,	3 00
E. Steele, Esq.	10 00	H. J. Paisley,	2 50
A. Pulse,	4 00	D. W. Joice,	2 00
J. J. King,	2 50	R. V. Eiken, Esq.	10 00
H. Groff,	5 00	S. T. Smith, Esq.	12 00
J. K. Simons,	1 50	R. Naudain,	2 00
A. Earle, Esq.	5 00	R. S. Keim,	2 50
R. L. Jackson,	2 00	T. Frisbee,	2 00
J. Morley,	2 00	J. Wilkins,	3 00
R. Woodbridge,	2 00	M. A. Townsend,	2 50
J. P. Lewis, Esq.	10 00	W. M. McClendon,	3 00
R. C. Cake,	2 00	S. Pierce,	2 00
J. C. Terrell,	2 00	P. W. Dewey,	2 00
Jno. Odell,	2 00	G. McIlhenny,	2 00
T. Bostwick,	2 00	Joel McMack,	2 00
G. Smith,	5 00	O. T. Handy,	2 00
R. Litchfield,	3 00	E. N. Dickerson,	2 00
D. D. Miner,	5 00	*Jan. 8.*	
C. W. James, agt	100 00	J. R. Seesman,	2 00
Jan. 1.		H. Rowland,	2 00
Wm. Bingham,	8 00	D. Sweeny, Esq.	10 00
Jas. Elliott,	5 00	F. B. White,	2 00
J. T. Brown,	5 00	D. G. Salisbury,	5 00
R. Tuese,	2 50	P. Thornton,	2 00
J. J. Rogar,	3 00	L. Carter,	2 00
H. L. Lowner,	2 50	J. Withrow,	2 00
J. Gandt,	5 00	E. Daily,	2 00
J. Irvin,	5 00	R. E. Post,	2 00
H. Thorn,	3 00	H. Munson,	2 00
A. Norden, Esq.	25 00	R. Miller,	2 00
H. Boswell,	2 50	J. F. Houser,	2 50
A. H. Howell,	3 00	R. E. Morris,	3 00
A. Clark,	2 00	J. Garrett,	3 00
F. Norwood,	2 50	M. Wheeler,	3 00
J. H. Kern,	3 00	W. Wall,	2 00
W. H. Hall,	2 50	Jno. A. Joyce, Esq.	10 00
R. Fell, Esq.	10 00	R. Crane,	7 50
R. D. Stokes,	5 00	W. T. Powell, Esq.	12 00
W. Knepper,	3 00	R. McCauly,	2 00
E. Dickinson,	2 00	C. R. Gaskill,	2 00
A. Ward,	2 00	J. Green,	2 00
D. Baer,	2 00	Robt. Naudain,	2 00
S. Wilson,	5 00	L. Skelton,	2 00
J. Stephens,	5 00	J. M. Heaton,	6 00
W. H. Morgan,	3 00	S. P. Shock,	2 00
A. C. & M. L. Guthrie,	2 00	W. Miltemore,	2 00
N. Vaught, Esq.	15 00	*Jan. 9.*	
W. H. Pennenden,	7 00	J. Hoover,	2 00
Jno. Delany	5 00	J. D. Goodenough,	2 00
Jan. 2.		J. Pinkerbiner,	2 00
W. Rodiestle,	2 00	J. R. Egbert,	4 00
R. B. Caldwell	2 00	S. Roberts,	2 00
J. L. Beuron,	2 00	C. Thomas,	2 00
T. Palmer,	2 00	C. P. Scull,	2 00
J. B. Webster,	3 00	J. Eisenbrey,	4 00
D. Gilbert,	2 00	W. Abel,	2 00
A. P. Rowe, Esq.	9 00	P. Coaden, Esq.	12 00
W. Carr,	2 00	L. J. Williams,	3 00
W. H. Moore,	2 00	L. J. Condler,	2 50
D. Snowhill,	2 00	N. P. Congdon,	2 00
W. Little,	2 00	T. R. Espy,	3 00
Thos. Blake,	7 50	E. Smith, Esq.	7 50
J. Ashton,	2 00	H. King,	2 00
J. H. Egloe,	5 00	D. Edsen, nett,	3 00
M. Johnson,	2 00	N. March, Esq.	20 00
Alex. Porter,	1 00	O. Johnson,	2 00
Jesse Lobb,	2 00	N. Sargent,	1 00
L. Lobb,	2 00	A. Hamor,	2 00
M. Lake,	2 00	J. Laps, Esq.	5 00
E. Marshall,	2 00	*Jan. 11.*	
T. Leeds,	2 00	Thos. Bart,	2 00
E. Newman,	2 50	H. J. Williams,	2 00
J. Wills,	5 00	E. M. Leggis,	2 00
T. P. Speer,	2 50	J. Elliott,	2 00
E. Jenks,	3 00	H. Reihl,	2 00
H. L. Rea,	2 50	R. Zane,	2 00
R. R. Russell,	3 00	J. W. Harris,	2 00
P. Fell,	2 00	H. Rudsell,	2 00
J. A. Smith,	5 00	U. Kitchen,	2 00
G. T. Barber,	1 00	G. Brinton,	2 00
F. Lake,	1 00	W. T. Foster,	5 00
R. C. Willis,	4 00	J. R. Ewing,	2 00
J. M. Conley,	2 00	Jno. Bankhead,	3 00
A. L. Row,	2 00	R. B. McKinley,	2 00
L. Lebrun,	3 00	S. Morrison,	3 00
D. Chrisman,	2 00	F. Hurley,	2 00
A. Peterman,	4 50	O. Jones,	2 00
Jan. 4.		D. Bishop,	2 00
W. T. Lowler,	2 00	C. Foulks,	2 00
E. Barton,	2 00	R. Piper,	2 00
A. Cheeseman,	2 00	T. H. Hudson, Esq.	10 00
J. P. Lawnsdown,	2 00	T. E. Erwin,	5 00
W. Dougherty,	2 00	R. Harris,	2 00
J. R. Daloo,	2 00	E. Conway,	2 00
M. Paynter,	2 00	T. H. Row,	3 00
W. Kirk,	3 00	Robt. May,	2 00
S. Ellis,	4 00	T. F. Ross,	2 00
J. Garwed,	2 00	A. Thornley,	2 00
E. Brannon,	2 00	M. J. Graham,	2 50
J. Dempman,	3 00	O. M. Stark,	2 00
S. Engard,	2 00	O. Morley,	2 00
G. Winter,	2 00	R. M. Moore,	2 00
S. Austin,	2 00	R. C. Hartman,	2 00
S. C. Cooper,	2 00	Jno. Guthrie,	2 00
R. Price,	2 00	Jas R. Jones,	5 00
J. P. Willis,	2 00	W. Gearhart,	2 00
W. Parker,	2 00	A. Whann,	2 00
J. Bartlett,	20 00	W. Cable,	2 00
Thos. Ault,	2 00	W. Smith,	2 00
D. B. Bickford,	2 00	H. Kline,	2 00
S. Everett,	2 00	E. T. Richardson,	2 00
P. L. Bostwick, Esq.	10 00	E. Carroll,	2 00
A. Young,	2 00	J. Johnson,	2 00
E. B. Taylor,	3 00	J. H. Morgan,	3 00
J. Clark,	2 00	L. H. Wells,	3 00
F. R. Jordan,	2 00	J. E. Hughes,	2 00
W. M. Berryhill, Esq.	10 00	A. Kellar,	2 00
A. F. Mervin,	3 00	J. H. Barnes,	2 00
J. H. Webb,	3 00	J. Blair,	2 00
J. B. Benney,	5 00	E. A. Ellerbee,	2 00
J. Priest,	3 00	C. E. Winsmett,	2 00
O. Hubler,	5 00	A. McCuslen,	2 00
A. Harnly,	3 00	*Jan. 12.*	
C. Maples,	3 00	M. Lentz,	1 00
R. A. Burnham,	5 00	J. Walker,	2 00
C. Neff,	3 00	W. H. Kittle,	2 00
W. T. Hannell,	2 50	E. Kav, Esq.	10 00
Jan. 5.		R. Guyer,	2 00
R. Wescott,	2 00	J. Eldridge,	2 00
G. Parker,	2 00	S. Foulke,	2 00
W. Downer,	2 00	R. Whitson,	2 00
A. Ault, Esq.	10 00	Sas. Singer,	2 00
J. S. Pringle, Esq.	10 00	T. H. Hill, Esq.	10 00
W. Bertin, Esq.	10 00	R. E. Allen,	2 00
J. Irvin,	2 00	A. Harrell,	2 00
J. Houston,	2 00	S. P. Shaw,	2 00
H. J. Betts,	2 00	R. Turner,	2 00
A. Grabau,	5 00	L. R. Silcox,	3 00
D. Gow,	2 00	G. E. Wilder, Esq.	8 00
L. Tompkins, agt	100 00	E. S. Porter,	2 00
G. Kemble,	2 00	W. R. Northam,	2 00
J. Paisley,	2 00	A. Anderson,	2 00
S. Williams,	2 00	V. Adams,	2 50
Crandall & Marple,	3 00	J. W. Demay,	2 00
A. Sinclair,	2 00	W. C. White,	2 00
A. E. Horsley,	3 00	R. Whitcomb, Esq.	11 50
R. N. Corso,	2 00	J. M. Voorhees,	3 00
A. R. Parks,	2 00	S. D. Smith,	2 00
J. T. Neff, Esq.	12 00	T. J. Kelly,	2 00
J. Marter,	2 50	W. Braman,	2 00
W. H. Ross,	2 50	D. M. Elwood, Esq.	12 00
J. R. Embry,	2 00	J. King,	7 00
J. Lasker,	5 00	J. R. Sandman,	2 00
J. Magunne,	2 00	A. K. Witmer,	2 00
J. Boyle,	2 30	Jno. Pasmore,	5 00
N. Jones,	2 50	G. E. Robertson,	5 00
J. Blake,	3 00	E. Stubler,	2 00
J. McGinley,	2 00	M. Russell,	2 00
Jan. 6.		A. H. Doolittle,	2 00
L. Brooks,	5 00	J. Golborne, Esq.	3 00
W. White,	3 00	L. P. Parks,	2 00
R. Montgomery,	5 00	*Jan. 13.*	
D. Cuthbert,	5 00	A. Watt,	2 00
J. McKey, Esq.	12 00	G. A. Green, Esq.	15 00
Wm. Simms, Esq.	10 00	J. Rice,	2 00
J. Fish,	3 00	M. Wathin,	2 00
R. N. Malley,	2 00	J. P. Lewis,	2 00
G. Furness,	3 00	L. A. Garnett,	2 00
D. North,	2 50	S. G. Shaw,	4 00
R. W. Brown,	5 00	R. Frisbie,	2 00
A. J. Wynkoop,	5 00	E. Shober, Esq.	16 00
G. A. Grund, Esq.	10 00	G. B. Taliaferro,	2 00
T. Nimock,	3 00	S. Smith,	2 00
W. Hindman,	1 00	W. E. Hastings,	1 00
R. McBurney,	5 00	Geo. W. Smith, Esq.	8 00
Jas. Jones,	5 00	J. A. Hodge, Esq.	7 00
A. Stelle,	2 00	D. Parks, Esq.	2 00
L. L. Bradbury,	2 00	C. W. Foster,	5 00
S. Jones,	2 00	S. McCrae,	3 00
J. Wilson,	2 00	J. A. Slaymaker, Esq.	10 00
O. R. Morner,	1 25	R. Keys,	3 00
W. Imlay,	3 00	S. F. Andrews,	3 00
R. K. Carr,	3 00	M. A. Joy,	3 00
A. Barnes,	2 00	H. Namans,	1 50
G. Sandford,	2 00	E. Steeper,	2 00
M. Vanderburg,	1 00	G. H. Harris,	3 00
R. Rohle,	4 00	J. Vannaman,	2 00
M. C. Frame,	2 00	D. P. Kent,	2 00
R. S. King,	5 00	L. E. Vintran,	2 00
Jan. 7.		T. Tomlinson,	1 00
T. Dabble,	2 00	G. W. Haines,	7 50
N. T. Stratton,	7 00	L. B. Hays,	2 25
C. Bothek,	2 00	T. D. Farran,	2 50
J. W. Joseph,	2 00	E. Moragne,	2 50
W. B. Craig,	2 00		

Retail Prices in Market.

Venison, per lb.	10a15	Mince Meat, jar,	$1
Terrapins, half doz.	75a$2½	Souce Cheese, lb.	8a10
Pigs' Feet, set,	10a12½	Dried Plums, qt.	15a20
Beef, best, per lb.	10a11	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	12½
" middling,	6a 8	Sausage meat,	10a11
" Corned,	7a 9	Potatoes, peck,	15a21
Veal,	6a 9	Apples,	25a40
Mutton,	5a 7	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Pork, fresh, per lb.	6a 8	Pickles, per 100	35a40
" pickled, "	8a 9	Beets, bunch,	3a 4
Hams, Jersey, new,	6a 8	Carrots, "	2a 3
" Dried,	13	Cabbage, head,	3a 6
Dried Beef,	11a12½	Lettuce, "	1a 2
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Turnips, peck,	12a16
Butter, lb.	20a25	Onions, rope,	5a 7
Lard, "	11a13	Sweet Potatoes, ½ pk	12a16
Cheese, "	6a12½	Dried Cherries, qt.	5a 6
Eggs, per doz.	25a31	Lima Beans, qt.	12½
Chickens, pair,	50a75	Celery, bunch,	3a 6
Pheasants, pair,	75a87½	Dried Peaches, ½ pk	20a25
Quails, each,	10a12½	" Whortleberries,	12a13
Turkeys,	75a$1½	Egg Plants, each,	4a 6
Pigeons, pair,	20a25	Cranberries, qt.	6a 8
Salmon, pickled, lb.	15	Dried Apples, ½ pk	20a25
" dry, lb.	25	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	10a12½
Flounders fresh, lb.	7a 8	Rye Flour, qr. cwt	44a50
Perch, string,	10a20	Wheat, " "	81a87½
Pickled Cod, lb.	5	Buckwheat, "	62a68½
Eng. Mackerel string,	20a25	Pumpkins,	3a 6
Rock, "	15a25	Chesnuts, per qt.	8a12½
Ducks, pair,	62a75	Walnuts, peck,	25a30
Geese,	50a75	Shellbarks, per qt.	5a 6
Guinea Fowls, pair,	25a30	Hominy,	5a10
Rabbits,	12a15	Horseradish, root,	2a 3

The markets for the last two market days have been pretty fully supplied from the country, and, while articles were in first hands, could be bought comparatively low. All descriptions of Poultry and Game have come down. Eggs and Apples are now the only articles that command a high price. Hogs, killed, sell whole at $5. 20 to $6 the 100 pounds. Hams, green, 8cents; and Shoulders and other choice pieces 7 cts. Oysters have come down considerably within the last week. While the ice in the Delaware shut off all supply through that channel, and the bad state of the roads through New Jersey prevented the wagons from Egg Harbor from reaching the city, the few boats that were lying at the wharf refused to raise their hatches under two or three prices per hundred. The river has been some days free of ice, and, instead of $3 and $6 the thousand, they are now freely offered at $3 and $1.—*Public Ledger.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		price sold for.	par.
2568 shares	United States Bank,	16a24	100
174 do.	Girard Bank,	35¼a36	50
67 do.	Mechanics Bank	24¼a26½	50
100 do.	Lehigh Bank	29a30	100
13 do.	Penn Township Bank,	51½	50
13 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	98¾a100	100
80 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	9¼a9½	50
23 do.	Exchange Bank, Pitts.	44	50
6 do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	208a208	400
478 do.	Phil. Wil & Balt. R R.	41½a42¼	50
15 do.	Commercial Bank,	53	50
10 do.	Far. & Mec. Bank,	53	50
11 do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	80	100
10 do.	North American Insurance,	11	10
2 do.	Louisville Bank,	70	100
2 do.	Beaver Meadow Bank,	52	50

TO THE LADIES.—C. A. Huddleston & Co. respectfully inform the ladies that they will open on Saturday, 16th inst. at their establishment No. 179 Chesnut street, a handsome assortment of French Head Dresses, and also those of their own manufacture, suitable for the opera, balls, parties, &c. together with the late costumes for evening dresses. jan 16 3t*

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.—The subscriber offers for sale an extensive and well selected assortment of family groceries, fine teas, pickles, fruit spices, &c. at the lowest market prices. THOMPSON BLACK, N. E. corner Chesnut and 10th sts. and N. W. corner of Broad and Chesnut sts. jan 2 4t*

ALMANAC.

Jan. 1841.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.	Moon's Phases.
16 Saturday,	7 15	4 45	9 17	
17 Sunday,	7 14	4 46	10 3	D. H. M.
18 Monday,	7 13	4 47	10 54	
19 Tuesday,	7 12	4 48	11 46	
20 Wednesday,	7 11	4 49	12 37	New 7 9 51
21 Thursday,	7 11	4 49	1 17	First 17 7 41
22 Friday,	7 10	4 50	1 55	Full 22 11 34
23 Saturday,	7 9	4 51	2 35	Last 30 5 45

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 2 A. M.		Eastern closes at	4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.		New York at 5 A. M. and 4 and 8½ P. M.	
Southern,	10 A. M.	Southern closes at	10 P. M.
Western, 5½ A. M. & 3½ P. M.		Western at 5 A. M.	2½ P. M.

Married,

On the 7th inst. at Friends Meeting House, Upper Darby, Delaware county, William Garrett, to Rachel C. daughter of James Sellers, all of Delaware county.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the evening of the 8th inst. Mr. James Love, to Mrs. Isabella Carson.

On Tuesday evening, 5th inst. by S. B. Wylie, D.D. Mr. Marshall Scott, to Miss Elizabeth McCune, daughter of Clement McCune, Esq. all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by John Swift, Mayor, Wm. P. Morgan, of Edgmont township, Delaware county, to Miss Theodosia B. Grover, of Kingsessing, Phila. county.

On the 3d inst. at Camden, N. J. by J. P. Grey, Esq. Mr. Clayton R. Coles, to Miss Maria Hunter, both of Westfield, Burlington county.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. James Ayrs, Amos W. Archer, Esq. to Miss Christianna H. Hewlings, all of Burlington.

At St. Peter's Parsonage, Clarksborough, N. J. by the Rev. R. H. Harrold, Mr. William T. Pierson, of the Ridgway House, Philadelphia, to Miss Henrietta Isabella Springer, of Swedesboro.

On the 3th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ludlow, Mr. Wm. L. Grubb, to Miss Sarah A. Brown, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. O. Douglass, Mr. John Dechert, to Mrs. Sarah Crafts, all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Francis R. Stubbs, to Miss Martha A. youngest daughter of Matthew Donnelly, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. George W. Bethune, Mr. J. R. Smith, to Miss Emma Louisa Brockton, all of this city.

In Beverly, Mass. on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Thomas Barrett, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 81, to Mrs. Sarah G. Smith, aged 71.

On Thursday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. T. T. Waterman, James Ingraham, of New Bedford, Mass. to Hannah E. daughter of Jacob Schott, of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, L. Ney Broomhard, to Caroline A. youngest daughter of Alexander Ramsey, M. D.

At Congress Hall, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Arnold Naudain, to Esther Torbert, both of New Castle county, Del.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. D. Carroll, D. D. Mr. Richard Mullen, to Mary, daughter of Jacob Cownover, of Spring Garden.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Clemson, Mr. James Mulvy, of this city, to Miss Martha McCarthy, of Moyamensing.

In New York, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Quartres, Mr. Wm. Ryan, of the U. S. Navy, to Miss Mary Hill.

On the 24th ult. by John Jones, Bishop of the Second Baptist Church in Cape May, N. J. Joseph Corson, aged 75 years, to Mrs. Experience Willets, aged 70, both of Cape May county.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. J. F. Berg, Abraham Foraine, of Southwark, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of John Oppell, of Spring Garden, formerly of N. York.

On the 7th inst. by T. U. Hawkins, Esq. Mr. Stephen R. Springs, to Miss Elizabeth Boyd, all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. John Torrence, to Miss Eliza H. Crane, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the same, Mr. Frederick S. Vandyke, to Miss Margarett Croot, both of Spring Garden.

Died,

On Thursday, 7th inst. Mr. James Law, in the 73th year of his age.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Rue, wife of Samuel Rue.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Catharine Young, in the 23d year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Mary Bird, wife of James Bird, Esq. in the 57th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Miss Elizabeth Murray, in the 20th year of her age, daughter of James and Susan Murray.

On the 8th inst. Laura L. infant daughter of Wm. Linn and Emily G. Brown, aged 14 months and 21 days.

On Saturday, 9th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. Solomon Levy, in the 76th year of his age, formerly a respectable merchant of New York.

In Camden, on Sunday last, Matilda, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Hammill, deceased.

In Penn's Neck, Salem county, N. J. last week, Francis Ridsthrake, at an advanced age.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. Louisa S. Turner, wife of Henry Turner, Esq. in the 28th year of her age.

At Lancaster, Pa. on the 30th ult. Janet, relict of the late John Riedel, Esq. in the 65th year of her age.

At his residence, in Woolwich township, near Swedesborough, N. J. on the 25th ult.—his birth day—John Bauman, aged 106 years. The deceased served in the revolutionary war, and enjoyed a pension.

In Brookfield, N. H. on the 27th Dec. Jenny Kennison, aged 110 years, reported in the late census as the oldest person in New Hampshire.

At Thomaston, Me. on the 25th ult. Hon. Hezekiah Prince, aged 73.

In Montgomery county, Pa. on the 26th of Nov. Henry Keller, in the 81st year of his age. The deceased was a veteran of the revolution.

On Sunday evening, of a lingering illness, in the 17th year of her age, Mary J. Paxon, daughter of the late William J. Paxon, of this city.

On Fourth day, 6th inst. Hannah Keyser, of Germantown.

On the 9th inst. Charles Gallagher, Jr. aged 22 years.

On the 8th inst. Thos. B. Thornton, Jr. son of Thomas B. and Mary Ann Thornton, aged 7 months and 4 days.

Suddenly, in New York, on Sunday, 10th inst. J. B. Pray, late of this city.

At Hollidaysburg, Pa. on the 31st ult. Linton Rodgers, Esq. Superintendent of the machinery on the Allegheny Portage Railroad, aged 30 years.

In Washington, D. C. on the 7th inst. Col. Wm. Lawrence, formerly of the United States Army, in the 68th year of his age.

In Richmond, Va. on the 4th inst. Thomas Love, aged 30 years, formerly a resident of this city.

At his residence, in Columbus county, N. C. on the 24th ult. Benjamin Sasser, in the 85th year of his age. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and a Whig to the day of his death.

At Middleborough, Mass. on the 28th ult. Capt. Wm. Porter, a soldier of the revolution, aged 78 years.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Ann Butler, relict of the late Wm. Butler, in the 88th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. in the 26th year of her age, Mary, wife of Jacob Kienle.

On the 11th inst. in the 25th year of her age, Miss Susan Barry.

On the 7th inst. at the residence of her father, Amos Martindale, in Byberry township, after a lingering illness of nearly two years, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Hannah Martindale, in the 51st year of her age.

OBITUARY

Died on the 7th day of November last, at Gwynedd Boarding School of Typus Fever, after a few days illness, Thomas W. Shain, youngest son of Benjamin and Pillah Shain, having nearly completed the sixteenth year of his age. By the dispensation of an all wise Providence, the Mother is made to feel the pangs of bereavement, and society deprived of a youthful member, who bid fair at no distant period, to become one of its brightest ornaments. Thomas had been at the above school nearly two years, during which time his conduct and deportment were of such a character, as to establish him in the good opinion of his Teacher and the affections of his fellow pupils; both of whom sincerely regretted, that they were so suddenly called to part with one so dear to them. In his last moments, he gave evidence that he knew in whom he trusted, and that he strongly felt the kindly influences of a Redeemer's love, on whose merits and intercessions, his hopes were based. These few lines are written as a tribute of respect and affection, by one who loved him well.

Health Office, January 9, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.

From the 2d to the 9th January

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Liver,	1	0	Brought over,	20	21
—Lumbar,	1	0	Gangrene,	1	1
Apoplexy,	1	0	Hernia,	0	1
Angina Pectoris,	1	0	Inflammation of Brain,	1	4
Congestion of Lungs,	1	1	—Bronchi,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	3	—Lungs,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	9	—Stomach & Bowels,	1	0
—Puerperal,	1	0	—Bowels,	1	0
Dropsy of the Head,	0	2	—Breast,	1	0
—Breast,	1	0	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Disease of Head,	0	1	Old Age,	1	0
—Lungs,	0	1	Palsy,	2	0
Debility,	0	2	Small Pox,	1	1
Enlargement of Heart,	1	0	Still Born,	0	6
Fever,	0	1	Suffocation,	1	0
—Typhus,	1	0	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
—Scarlet,	0	1	Unknown,	0	2
Carried over,	20	21	Total,	71—31	40

Of the above there were 2 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 7 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	o'clock.
Jan.	3,	9	13	10
	4,	9	15	18
	5,	17	23	27
	6,	40	45	44
	7,	55	56	55
	8,	43	46	46
	9,	36	40	43

Review of the Philadelphia Market for the week.

The Delaware river is now free from ice, and a large number of vessels detained below the city for some days past, arrived on Tuesday, which has given an active and bustling appearance to the wharves. These vessels have brought in a considerable supply of goods, particularly Fruit, four cargoes of which have arrived from Malaga. The holydays having now passed over, business probably will soon become more active. The Freight List of the packet ship Susquehanna, from Liverpool, amounted to £1500 sterling.

Advices from England are to the 21st December. Cotton had advanced 1 8d per lb in Liverpool, with a good demand. Flour was in fair demand at 35s per bbl in bond and 34s 6d a 35s duty paid, which is an advance. Wheat has improved 2d a 3d per 70 lbs, with a moderate demand.

Coffee—Market calm, with sales of 450 bags St Domingo at near 10 cts per lb.

Cotton—Demand limited, at steady prices.

Flour and Meal.—Holders of Flour are firm at $4.75 on the Delaware. On Broad street small sales for export at $4.62½a4.75. To day holders generally ask $4.75 for fair to good brands. There is an increased demand for export, with light receipts. Rye Flour—Small sales at $2.75. Corn Meal—Sales of 2 300 bbls at $2.38 for Penn's, and $2.62 for Brandywine Meal.

Fruit—Four cargoes of Malaga Fruit have arrived which has overstocked the market at the moment, and buyers are looking for a decline in prices, which holders are not willing to submit to. No sales of consequence have transpired. See public sales.

Grain—No arrivals of Grain by water and no sales of Wheat. A sale of Southern Rye at 55cts. Corn—Sales of old Penn a Yellow at 49a50 cts; new is worth 47 cts. Oats—We quote at 27 for Southern, and 28a30 cts for Penn's.

Provisions—There is no change in the market and the sales continue limited.

Sugar—Several cargoes have arrived from N. Orleans, which are landing. A sale of 45 hhds good quality at full former prices. Sales of box Sugar at 8 cts for Trinidad, and 8¾ for good brown Havana.

Teas—But little doing this week.

Whiskey—Sales in hhds at 20 and in bbls at 21 cts. Receipts light.—*North American.*

HIRSTS' SEED WAREHOUSE South 4th st. east side, 3 doors North and 1 square South of Market street, Philad. The subscribers offer for sale, the largest and collection of articles in their business to be found. Warranted Vegetable Garden, Field and of the purest quality. The collection contains standard sorts, with 150 entirely new and superior of all the principal kinds. Am. growth. Flower Seeds in the choicest sort, the most selection to be found in the country, containing entirely new sorts, raised and selected expressly for this establishment by first florists, in Great Britain, Germany, Holland and America, and to be obtained at no other establishment. Bulbous Roots, in their various seasons, as Single Named Hyacinths, Tulips, Anemones, Polyanthos Narcissus, Amaryllis, Tuberoses, Tigridas, Crocus, &c. in the most select variety, growth, or imported direct from the best in Holland. Fruit and ornamental Trees, and Shrubbery, Green and Hot House Plants of the finest. Books on Agriculture, Floriculture, and Rural. Agricultural Tools and Implements of the. French Sugar Beet, Mangel Wurtzel, and Seeds for cattle. Fresh Bird Seeds, as Canary, Rape, Hemp, let, Rough Rice or Paddy, &c. Bird Cages, Bird Founts, Canary and other song, Fish Glasses for Gold Fish, Bulb and ☞ Southern and Western merchants can be supplied by the lb. or in packages, distinctly labelled, and containing practical directions for culture. Catalogues gratis. Communications instantly attended to. Orders from a distance faithfully attended to as though the purchaser were on the spot. H. B. & R. jan 16 3m

To the Citizens of New England. IMPORTANT CAUTION. Whereas, a young man by the name of Howard, formerly a clerk in the office No. street, Boston, having recently advertised in the Daily Times, that said office is removed, and the agent for the sale of the Indian Vegetable Purgative of the North American College of Health—this is to inform the public that no such change has taken place, and that F. O. Howard is an agent, not only having no appointment for the sale of the medicine, but was a short time ago actually dismissed from the business on account of certain irregularities, his own conduct may compel me hereafter to make public. The citizens of New England are therefore cautioned against purchasing medicine of said F. O. H. as he cannot by any possibility honestly have the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills for sale. *Agents are also earnestly requested* to be on their guard, as it is feared he will endeavor to palm himself on them as the authorised agent, and thus pass upon them a counterfeit, and perhaps dangerous article. Purchasers will observe, the genuine medicine has WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS Indian Purgative, of the North American College of Health, on the sides of the boxes, and that all others are counterfeit, intended not only to deceive the unwary, but to bring the genuine medicine into disrepute. The only office in Boston for the sale of the Indian Vegetable Pills, is at 198 TREMONT STREET. Principal Office and General Depot, 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA. WILLIAM WRIGHT, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health. *Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1841.* jan 16—3m

☞ Woollen Manufactory and Farm for sale.—The subscribers will sell at private sale the following described property, situated in Adams county, Pennsylvania, on a public road leading from Gettysburg to Emmettsburg, seven miles from the former and two from the latter place, on a never-failing stream of water called Middle Creek, containing one hundred acres of valuable land, one half of which is timber, the latter in a good state of cultivation. The improvements are a large stone dwelling house and cloth manufactory, sufficiently large to admit of all the branches of manufacturing wool into cloth being carried on extensively, together with all the necessary machinery in good order, such as carding and spinning machinery, looms, &c. There is also a large log tenant house and barn, together with other buildings on the premises. The property is valued at eight thousand dollars, one thousand of which will be required before possession is given, the balance secured by the property and paid when convenient to the purchaser. For further information inquire of the proprietor S. S. McNair residing in the vicinity of the described property, or Dr. A. H. McNair, No. 380 Arch street, Philadelphia. If the property is not sold before the fifteenth of Feb. next it will be rentable. jan 16-11*

THE Schedule referred to in these Letters Patent, and making part of the same, containing a description in the words of the said Thos. Earl, himself, of his improvement in the manner of constructing Roads. To all to whom these presents shall come. Be it known that I, Thomas Earl, of Burlington, in the county of Burlington and State of New Jersey, have invented a new and useful improvement in the manner of constructing Roads, and that the following is a full and exact description of the construction thereof as invented by me. Such preparation having been given to the road as to render it level or smooth, where it may be considered necessary, though it would not be in all cases. I proceed to lay on a coating of gravel say about two inches thick, on this I pour boiling tar, spreading it uniformly as may be done by means of the intervention of sieves or such other contrivances as may be found most convenient and efficacious. This having been done, I scatter over the surface thus prepared or impregnated with tar a thin coating of sand, which being removed when the mixture is dry leaves a hard smooth appearance to the road throughout. In this way I would proceed with roads much travelled with heavy wagons, but in a street or pavement for foot passengers, I would employ sand alone, which would be best adapted to that purpose. A cement is thus formed on the surface of the road, which may be made harder or more quickly fit for use by the degree of boiling given to the tar, much thereof making it dry, both hard and quickly, it also sinks through the gravel or sand, and forms a coating which time hardens and renders more durable. What I claim as my invention, and not heretofore known in the above described mode of making roads, is the application of tar after the manner described, upon the coat of gravel or sand, in order to form by that means a durable and firm cement, covering the road throughout its surface. In testimony that the above is a full and exact description of constructing roads, invented or discovered by me, I have hereunto set my hand this twenty seventh day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty five. THOMAS EARL. Witness, ROBT. CLARKE, HENRY STONE. jan 16 2t

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, *Of the North American College of Health.* "The Art of Healing had its origin in the Woods, and the Forest is still the best Medical School." THIS extraordinary medicine is founded upon the principle that the human frame is subject to ONLY ONE DISEASE viz. corrupt humors, which, when floating in the general mass of the circulation, are the cause of all kinds of Fevers, but when lodged in the various parts of the body, give rise to every malady incident to man. Let it be remembered that the human body and said INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are mutually adapted one to the other, and that by them all morbid and corrupt humors (the cause of disease) can be entirely eradicated, and this in so easy and natural a manner, that while they every day give ease and pleasure, DISEASE OF EVERY NAME IS LITERALLY DRIVEN FROM THE BODY. The following highly respectable citizens of the United States have been appointed agents for the sale of the above valuable medicine.

PENNSYLVANIA. *Philadelphia City and County.* James Rhea, shoe dealer, corner of South and 2nd streets, Philadelphia. Rev. Wm. R. Maxwell, 308 N. Front street. Samuel Hess, grocer, corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Vine streets. Mrs. R. Dodd, Market st. above Schuylkill 8th st. Henry Freas, grocer, Germantown. James Whitehead, grocer, Manayunk. Jesse Hawkins, Southfield. E. C. Edwards, Bustleton. Geo. W. Hansel, West Philadelphia. Thomas R. Martindale, Byberry ✕ Roads. R. Evans, Hestonville. Mrs. Beastall, Frankford.

Delaware County. John G. Dyer, Chester. Alexander Morehead, Leiperville. Hugh & Lloyd, Darby. Charles P. Bunting, Marcus Hook. Jefferson Lewis, Birmingham Township. Abigail Fisler, Cootesville. J. G. Henderson, Radnor. Wm. Speakman, Edgemont. Wm. Fairbank, Ivy Mills. S. P. Harrison, Springfield. Wm. Speakman, Dilworthtown. Lloyd & Son, Darby. Samuel Kidille, Middletown township.

Chester County. George Martin, Marshalton, county agent. J. M. Paynter, Westchester. W. M. Buchanan, Gallagherville. Jacob Edge, Downingtown. George Thompson & Co. Jennersville. Isaiah Thrup, Valley Forge. Wm. Rhoades, Cochranville. Joseph Cary, Coventry. John M. Kinley, Lyonville. Cooper & Haslem, Penningtonville. L. K. Browne, Oxford. Charles Wallace, Russelville. R. R. Evans, Phoenixville. F. Betzler, Lawrenceville. Joseph D. Chambers, Unionville. S. & P. Hunter, Gulf Mills. James M. Watson, Centreville. George W. Lefevre, Chatham. Henry Metzer, Bolvue. Preston Ayres, Valley Store. Joseph Fulton & Son, West Fallowfield. Samuel Wells, Coventry. Isaac Price, Schuylkill Post Office. Baugh & Fisher, Charlestown ✕ Roads. J. & G. Shoffner, Pikeland township. Levi W. Hooper, Kennett Square. Peacock Marshall, New London ✕ Roads. Wiley & Irwin, Black Horse. Samuel Hughes, Smithfield. Mrs. Rachel Sims, Brandywine township. John Griffith, Youngsville. Joseph Hughes, Clingan's ✕ Roads. Catharine Pine, Sadsburyville.

Montgomery County. Edmund Wright, near Hinckle's Tavern, Norristown. H. G. Hart, P. M. Hickorytown. Richard Robb, Moreland township. Harper & Smith, Lumberville. John Patterson, Lower Merion. Jonathan Morris, Bridgeport. Samuel Markley, Bakersville. Mathias Young, Montgomeryville. Oliver Weldon, Montgomery Square. Wells & Schrack, Conshohocken. Robert T. Potts, Swedeland. Joseph Royer, Trappe. Eleazer Bitting, Hatfield township. Michael Shoemaker, Skippack. T. H. Wentz, Centre Square. Jacob Kolp, Spring Mill. Detwiler & Hunsicker, Lower Providence township. J. Zeigler, Lederachville. D. N. Egbert, Lower Merion Square. Jonathan Gilbert, Dresbertown. Henry Morris, Willow Grove. Jonathan Bitting, Flourtown. Wm. Rankin, Huntingdon. Isaiah Lukens, Springhouse. Joseph Jenkins, Jenkintown. Herman Yerkes, Whitemarsh township. E. Graffe, Barren Hill. George S. Williams, Whitemarsh Village. N. Evans, Lower Merion. John Baker, Kulpsville.

Bucks County. Isaiah P. Smith, Doylestown. Tomlinson & Co. Newtown. Fretz & Johnson, Dalboro. Thomas Lanyon, Newport. Samuel Hells & Co. Addisonville. Ely & Livezey, Centreville. John Davis, Davisville. Isaiah Delaney, Southampton township. A. G. & B. A. Hines, Wrightstown. Benjamin Worthington, Brownsville. Cyrus Bell, Pleasantville. Cyrus Livezey, Lumberville. Isaiah James, Milltown township. Wm. B. Kemmerer, Springtown.

D. Hebenberg, Mauch Chunk. Casper Christman, Mauch Chunk. W. H. Cool, Beaver Meadow. John Smith, Black Creek. Reed & Butler, Rockport. Adam Hower, Hower's Mill. Daniel Siegfried, Bath. John Brittel, Nazareth. J. & A. Long, Williamsburg. P. A. & S. Small, York, York county. Thomas Stay, Cornwall, Lebanon county. Charles Ogilby, Carlisle, Cumberland county. David Oaks, Chambersburg, Franklin county. Wm. Bell, Harrisburg, Dauphin county. S. Winchester & Son, Jersey Shore, Lycoming county. John Gaddis & Son, Uniontown, Fayette county. John Thompson, grocer, 183 Library street, Pittsburg, Allegheny county.

Berks County. Adam Miller, New Store, Amity township. D. D. Knabb, Oley. John C. Evans, Morgantown. Henry McKintey, Douglassville.

NEW JERSEY. *Gloucester County.* Cornelious Kelly, Little Egg Harbor. Mrs. S. E. Mansell, Camden. Mrs. A. B. Sailor, Woodbury. Heilman & Lippincott, Haddonfield. Mathew M. Mountain, Berkley. Isaac Doughton, Westville. P. H. & C. Sickler, Squankum. John B. Champion, Ellisburg. Jacob Price, Paulsboro. John F. Doughton, Moorestown. Josiah Pancoast, Mullica Hill. W. Warrick, Glassboro. J. Albertson, Longacoming.

Salem County. Charles W. Roberts, Salem. Harrison & Smith, Quinton's Bridge. John H. Lambert, Allowaystown. R. & J. Hunt, Sharptown. Samuel Calahan, Lower Penn's Neck. John L. Leap, Shulltown. Pleasant & Hancock, Canton. Mark Bradway, Hancock's Bridge. Charles Wood, Pittsgrove. Hamilton M'Alister, Mannington Hill. Whitaker & Trenchard, Centreville. John Peterson, Lower Penn's Neck. John Lummerville & Son, Penn's Grove. Madara & Freas, Woodstown.

Cumberland County. Riley & Reeves, Bridgeton. Isaac D. Titsworth, Shiloh. Philip Pithian, Roadstown. Daniel M'Duffee, Deerfield. D. & J. Lore, Port Elizabeth. James W. Compton, Mauricetown. Lewis Smith, Dividing Creek. Henry Williams, Newport. Ogden & Battimer, Cedarville. Daniel Clark, Fairton. Lewis Mulford & Son, Millville. Warner & Brooks, Greenwich.

Cape May County. James Diverty, Dennis Creek. Samuel Townsend, Goshen. Samuel Springer, Dyer's Creek. M. Marcy, Green Creek. Daniel Hildreth, Cold Spring. James Hildreth, Cape May. Ephraim Hildreth, Middle township. Samuel Bishop, West Creek. D. E. Estel, Stevens' Creek.

Burlington County. J. G. Cromwell, Burlington. Cornelius Kelly, Little Egg Harbour. G. Parson, Pemberton. J. W. Wright, Columbus. J. & S. Smith, Juliustown. F. C. Doughton, Lumberton. S. Brown, Wrightstown. Daniel L. Platt, Jacobstown. John F. Budd, Buddtown. Wm. Allen, Bass River. Mrs. Julia Hall, Lower Bank. Wm. Sooy, Green Bank. Thomas H. Shinn, Cross Roads. J. B. Woodward, Recklesstown. Benjamin Kemble, Jobstown. G. S. Woolman, Rancocas. J. J. Brick, Marlton. Haines & Scattergood, Uniontown. Wm. Oliphant, Eayerstown. Benning Black, Mansfield. C. & E. Shreeve, Medford. J. Somer & Brother, Newark, Essex county.

Atlantic County. John Richards, Gloucester Furnace. C. C. Scull, Mount Pleasant. James Tilton, near Bakersville. Wm. S. Bacon, May's Landing. N. S. Thompson, Pleasant Mills. James Smith, Absecom.

DELAWARE. *Newcastle County.* Wm. Solomon & Sons, grocers, Wilmington. Eli Chandler, near Smith's Bridge. James Darling, New Castle. Moses Palmer, Brandywine. Edward Quinn, Stanton. Thomas Lockwood, Frederica, Kent county.

MARYLAND. Isaac P. Cook, 52 Market street, Baltimore. Francis B. Crookshank, Cecilton. A. Hunt, grocer, Frederick city. Evans, Morgan & Co. Havre de Grace. Charles G. McFadden, Harford. Charles W. Parker, Elkton. Thomas Moffit, North East. William Grant, Charlestown. Emily Owens, Gurleytown. Davis & Byron, Perryville. Andrew Kidd, Port Deposite. Samuel Rowland & Co. Rowlandsville. Jona Butler, Cumberland. F. Humrickhouse, Hagerstown. George Reed, Greensboro. Robert Farnham, Washington City, D. C.

VIRGINIA. Jacob Gooding, Triadelphia. James Melor, 26 Union street, Wheeling. Shipman & Roler, Mount Crawford. George W. Bell, Accomac county. Samuel Griswold, Clinton, Ga.

NEW ENGLAND office, 198 Tremont street, Boston. PRINCIPAL OFFICE 169 RACE ST. PHILA. ☞ Country printers are requested to compare their lists with this. Application for agencies to be made at the principal office, 169 Race street, Philadelphia. dec 19 3m

TICKLING COUGH, SORE THROAT and Irritations of the Bronchia or Windpipe, are the most prevalent diseases of the winter season. They are not only extremely annoying, but are the usual precursors and immediate cause of those pulmonary affections which sap the foundation of life and terminate only with the dissolution of their victim. In all those affections there is either an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the throat and windpipe or a lengthening of the uvula or pendulum of the palate, which descends, so as to constantly tickle the root of the tongue or the upper part of the Trachea or Windpipe, thereby creating cough, hoarseness, difficulty of breathing, sore throat and discharges of phlegm, and sometimes of blood. These diseases are speedily and effectually cured by the use of JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT AND ASTRINGENT GARGLE. Numbers of persons are daily cured by these valuable preparations, who otherwise would probably fill an untimely grave. Prepared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. Advice may always be had gratuitously. dec 19 3m

TO TEACHERS AND CONTROLLERS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—Just published, a new series of Rand's Introduction to Penmanship, in eight parts, with all the engravings entirely new, accompanied by particular instructions on the cover of each. These books are the result of thirty years study and practice of this art. The lessons on each page are so clearly expressed, and are so gradually progressive, that the pupil will require very little attention from the teacher. Notwithstanding the superiority of the plan, execution and paper of these books, they are not more expensive than common ruled copy books, as from their peculiar arrangement they will contain more than double the quantity that can be written on the latter, and are but little higher in price. Orders from a distance punctually attended to by the Author and Publisher, 106 South Ninth street, Philadelphia. jan 2 3t

CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT.—Smith & Brothers, 7 Bowery, New York, manufacturers and dealers in Clocks of every description, respectfully inform dealers, that they are prepared to furnish a superior article of CLOCKS, Time Pieces, and Regulators at their establishment in N. York, or at H. M. Richard's wholesale Jewellery store No. 9 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, where an extensive assortment of all kinds will be kept for sale at the lowest factory prices. The assortment consists of Eight Day Brass and Wood Clocks, Thirty Hour do. of various styles and prices, also Alarm Clocks and Time Pieces, Watch Makers Regulators, Gallery, Bank and Office Clocks, and Time Pieces, also Church Steeple or Town Clocks to vary one or four pair of hands, and strike the hour from 200 to 600 dollars. mar 21—1y*

PREMIUM TEETH.—The subscriber has received from the American Institute, of New York, and from the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions, the HIGHEST PREMIUMS for the BEST MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH. CERTIFICATES from gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, attesting their superiority, may be seen at his office, No. 160 Pine street, Philadelphia. SAMUEL W. STOCKTON. jan 25—1y Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the estate of PETER SHULZE, deceased, of Philadelphia county, are respectfully requested to make immediate payment, and all those having claims against said estate will present them properly attested to MARY SHULZE, Administratrix, No. 270 north 6th st. jan 9 6t*

LEATHER STORE, No. 87 Chesnut street, between 2d and 3d street. The subscribers have constantly on hand all kinds of FINISHED LEATHER, at wholesale and retail, suitable for boot and shoe makers, saddlers, harness, and coach makers, book binders, hatters, &c. &c. mar 7—1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

COCOONS WANTED.—The subscriber is prepared to purchase Cocoons, at his filature, NO. 380 HIGH STREET, for which the highest prices will be given. aug 15—1f CHARLES CADWALLADER.

ENT.

NCE. FOR 6 MONTHS.

by sight, and such a *Cleopatra of regal beauty* I never could have imagined to myself.

"A short time before her first initiation in civilisation and corruption, I saw her showing off in high style. I called to give some order to my milliner, but sat quietly down to await her leisure, finding her engaged in high disputation with the gipsy beauty, who was rating her in no measured terms for some deviation from orders in the making of a bonnet which Caroline was in ... And such

were lodged by the police at same distance from the city, at Chapel St. Denis.

"Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and wore two silver rings in each, which they said were esteemed ornaments in their country. The men were black; their hair curled; the women, remarkably black; their only clothes a large old dark garment, tied over their shoulders with a cord, or band, and native in a miserable ruined. In fact they were the most poor, defenceless creatures that ever had been seen in France; and, notwithstanding their poverty, there was amongst them women who, by looking into people's hands, told their fortunes, and (alas, we fear) they picked people's pockets of their money, and got it into their care, by selling them things through art, magic, etc."

The subtlety of these modern Gabionites cannot be sufficiently admired. They did not adventure to alarm the country by coming at once in full strength into it, but sent a detachment, mounted on horseback as prisoners, to pave the way by their tale of sufferings; then came a larger troop, in true Gibeonite caution, to strike the popular commiseration; and that being done, their numbers gradually increased; and under these and similar pretences, they rambled over France for a whole century, when their real character being sufficiently obvious, and their numbers daily increasing, they were banished by proclamation. The same policy was pursued toward them in all the countries of Europe, if we except Hungary and Wallachia. In Spain, sentence of banishment being found ineffectual, in 1492 and in Germany, the "Thirteenth plague of vanity—Morton McMichael, Esq. in his late lecture, related one of M. Le Sac, a famous French dancing-master in Queen Anne's reign, who when he heard that the justly distinguished statesman and lover of literature—Mr. Harley, had been raised to an Earldom, exclaimed—"Well, I wonder what the Queen could see in him. I taught him to dance for two years, and never knew a more stupid fellow." Akin to this species of vanity, was that of a shoemaker-group in London, who when looking at Garrick with a sooty friend, said "Don't point at him, Bill. You don't know what you may come to yourself." Those one Queen had been praised for her golden tresses, who had not a hair on her head;—and while a venal poet was offering income to the majestic mien and lofty stature of another, a friend said to him—"be careful, lest by your flattery, you tempt her to rise and show how short she is." Lucan, in his Pharsalia, implored Nero, when he ascended to heaven, to be careful on which side he sat, and not by sitting to much on one side, to overbalance the Universe. All had heard of a dedication to "thunder and the First Consul"—and praises had been given to Louis XIV.—to "him and the Deity"—the flatterer evidently and impiously giving the monarch the preference. Such was personal vanity and some of its effects. How much nobler was the conduct of Alexander, who when Aristobulus, the Greek historian who accompanied the Macedonian conqueror in his expeditions—recited this monarch's victories over Porus to himself—Alexander upbraided him for thus endeavoring to excite his vanity, snatched the book, and threw it into the river.

NEVER ASK QUESTIONS IN A HURRY.—"Tom a word with you."

"Be quick, then, I'm in a hurry."

"What did you give your sick horse bother day?"

"A pint of turpentine."

John hurries home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, who strange to say drops off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of his friend Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggering. He meets him the next day.

"Well, Tom."

"Well, John, what is it?"

"I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him as dead as Julius Cæsar."

"So it did mine."

PARACUSIS.—A parishioner complained to his parson, that his pew was too far from the pulpit, and said that he must purchase one nearer.—"Why," asked the parson, "can't you hear distinctly?" "O yes, I can hear well enough."—"Can't you see plainly?" "Yes, I can see perfectly well." "Well, then, what can be the trouble?" "Why, there are so many in front of me, who catch what you say first, that by the time your words reach my ears, they are as flat as dish-water."

THE LOWEST PLACE OF REGARD.—An old man riding over Fatney bridge, turned to his servant and said:—

"Do you like eggs John?"

"Yes sir."

Here the conversation ended. The same man riding over the same bridge that day year, again turned round and said:—

"How?"

"Poached, sir."

ASPIRATE.—A worthy old sea captain of our acquaintance once took on board a large number of passengers at a port in the Emerald Isle, to bring to this country. On approaching our coast, he as usual sounded but found no bottom. "And did ye strike the ground, Captain?" inquired one of the Irishmen. "No," was the reply. "And will ye be so good as to tell us," rejoined Pat, "how near ye came to it?"

GOOD.—A girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her, boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can answer your majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but pray tell me can she spin."

A STINGING CHARGE.—An able judge was once obliged to deliver the following charge to the Jury:—"Gentlemen of the Jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

THOUGHTFUL.—A merchant having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son not to mention it to any body. The youth promised secrecy, but at the same time requested to know what advantage could attend it. "If you divulge this loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to support instead of one—our own grief, and the joy of our neighbors."

SAILOR'S POLITENESS.—A sailor who had spent nearly all his days on the blue waters, and knew little of land gear, came ashore the other day, and in passing up street, saw a little woman going along with a large mull before her. He stepped up very politely, and offered to carry it for her, as he was going the same way.

PUMPEY'S PILLAR.—A young lady who had attended Sir Buckingham's lectures, on hearing him describe Pompey's Pillar, which she understood as being the Pillow of the great Roman—on hearing its vast size, expressed her surprise to a friend that it had not been called Pompey's Bolster.

ETIQUETTE.—A young lady, once concluded a love-letter thus:—

"I shall rise to you again ere long in common told me an oriel story about make tiles; but I doubt pay no atten
ation of all to her stings tail
power till death parts both on us

THE PATENT CURES.—A notice was handed to a parish clerk, which was to announce that their pastor could not preach that day, as he was *of fainting* elsewhere. The squirat clerk, in a loud voice, read—"Rev. Mr. H. will not preach here to-day, as he is engaged a *fainting* elsewhere."

A GOOD REPORT.—A convicted young man, addressing himself to Dr. D——, said, "I am going to write a book on popular ignorance." "I know no one," said the Doctor gravely, "more competent to prepare such a work."

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From Charles O'Malley

The Page.

"The anteroom is but the reflection of the reception room; and, whatever be the whims, the caprices, the littleness of the Great Man, they are speedily assumed by his inferiors, and the dark temper of one casts a lowering shadow on every menial by whom he is surrounded.

"As far as, we were certainly not long in catching somewhat of the spirit of the Emperor; and I doubt much if the importuniness of the waiting-room was not more dreaded and detested than the abrupt speech and searching look of Napoleon himself.

"What a malicious pleasure have I not felt in arresting the step of M. de Talleyrand, as he approached the Emperor's closet! with what easy insolence have I lisped out, 'Pardon, Monsieur, but his Majesty cannot receive you'—or, 'Monsieur le Duc, his Majesty has given no orders for your admission.'—How amusing it was to watch the baffled look of earth, as he retired once more to his place among the crowd; the wily diplomat covering his chagrin with a practised smile, while the stern marshal would blush to his very eyes with indignation. Thus was the great pleasure our position afforded us; and, with a boyish spirit of mischief, we cultivated it to perfection, and became at last the very horror and detestation of all who frequented the levees; and the ambassador, whose fearless voice was heard among the monarchs of the earth, became soft and conciliating in his approaches to us; and the hardy general, who would have charged upon a brigade of artillery, was timid as a girl in addressing us a mere question.

"Among the amiable class thus characterized, I was most conspicuous, preserving continually a tone of civility that left nothing openly to complain of. I assumed an indifference and impartiality of manner that no exigency of affairs, no pressing haste, could discompose or disturb, and say how of recognition to Bault or Maucune was as coolly measured, as my manly hallic answer was accurately conned over.

"Upon ordinary occasions, the emperor, at the close of each person's audience, rang his little bell for the admission of the next in order as they arrived in the waiting room; yet, when any thing important was under consideration, a list was given us in the morning of the names to be presented in rotation, which no casual circumstance was ever suffered to interfere with.

"It is now about four months since, one fine morning, such a list was placed within my hands. His Majesty was just then occupied with an inquiry into the naval force of the kingdom; and, as I cast my eyes carelessly over the names, I read little else than Vice-admiral so and so, Commander such a one, and Chief d'Escadron such another, and the lance presented accordingly, instead of its usual brilliant array of gorgeous uniform and anglicized marshals, the simple blood-red gold of the naval service.

"The marine was not in high favor with the Emperor, and, truly, my reception of these infrequent visitors was any thing but flattering. The early part of the morning was, as usual, occupied by the audience of the Minister of Police and the Duc de Bassano, who, evidently, from the length of time they remained, had matters of importance to communicate. Meanwhile, the antechamber filled rapidly, and, before noon, was actually crowded. It was just at this moment that the folding door slowly opened, and a figure entered, such as I had never before seen in our brilliant salons: he was a man of five or six-and-fifty, short, thickset, and strongly built, with a bronzed and weather-beaten face, and a broad open forehead, deeply scored with a sabre-cut; a shaggy gray moustache curled over, and concealed his mouth, while eyebrows of the same color shaded his dark and piercing eyes. His dress was a coarse coat of blue cloth, such as the fishermen wear in Bretagny, fastened at the waist by a broad belt of black leather, from which hung a short broad-bladed cutlass: his loose trousers, of the same material, were turned up at the ankles, to show a pair of strong legs coarsely cased in blue stockings and thick-soled shoes—a broad leaved sea-skin hat was held in one hand, and the other stuck carelessly in his pocket, as he entered; he came in with a careless air, and, familiarly saluting one or two officers in the suite as they passed, approached the Emperor, who, as he approached, rose to receive him, and, throwing his arms around his neck, pressed his cheek to his, while the tears ran down his weather-beaten face, and he could not speak for emotion. The Emperor, who was not easily moved, seemed affected by the meeting, though the worldling may despair, there was often robbed of earthly bliss, and a brighter world than this.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(Continued from our last.)

It was not an easy matter to come up with him, and beneath his aid, for he walked fast, and was a little distance in advance. At length he stopped to look more attentively at some passage in his book. Animated with a ray of hope, the child shot on before her grandfather, and, going close to the stranger without running him by the sound of her footsteps, began in a few faint words to implore his help.

He turned his head, the child clapped her hands together, uttered a wild shriek, and fell senseless at his feet.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

It was the poor schoolmaster. No other than the poor schoolmaster. Scarcely less moved and surprised by the sight of the child than she had been on recognising him, he stood for a moment silent and confounded by this unexpected apparition, without even the presence of mind to raise her from the ground.

But quickly recovering his self-possession, he threw down his stick and book, and dropping on one knee beside her, endeavored by such simple means as occurred to him, to restore her to herself; while her grandfather, standing idly by, wrung his hands, and implored her with many endearing expressions to speak to him, were it only a word.

"She is quite exhausted," said the schoolmaster, glancing upward into his face. "You have tazed her powers too far, friend."

"She is perishing of want," repined the old man. "I never thought how weak and ill she was, till now."

Casting a look upon him, half reproachful and half compassionate, the schoolmaster took the child in his arms, and holding the old man gather up her little basket and follow him directly, bore her away at his utmost speed.

There was a small inn within sight, to which it would seem he had been directing his steps when so unexpectedly overtaken. Towards this place he hurried with his unconscious burden, and rushing into the hostern, and calling upon the company there assembled to make way for God's sake, deposited it on a chair before the fire.

The company, who rose in confusion upon the schoolmaster's entrance, did as people usually do under such circumstances. Everybody called for his or her favorite remedy, which nobody brought; each cried for more air, at the same time carefully excluding what air there was, by closing round the object of sympathy; and all wondered why somebody else didn't do, what it never appeared to occur to them might be done by themselves.

The landlady, however, who possessed more readiness and activity than any of them, and who had which a quicker perception of the merits of the case, soon came running in with a little brandy and water; followed by her servant girl, carrying vinegar, hartshorn, smelling salts, and such other restoratives; which, being duly administered, recovered the child so far as to enable her to thank them in a faint voice, and to extend her hand to the poor schoolmaster, who stood with an anxious face, hard by. Without suffering her to speak another word, or so much as to stir a finger any more, the women straightway carried her off to bed; and having covered her up warm, bathed her cold feet, and wrapped them in flannel, they despatched a messenger for the doctor.

The doctor, who was a red nosed gentleman with a great bunch of seals dangling below a waistcoat of ribbed black satin, arrived with all speed, and taking his seat by the bedside of poor Nell, drew out his watch, and felt her pulse. Then he bushed at her tongue, then he felt her pulse again, and while he did so, he eyed the half-emptied wine glass as if in profound abstraction.

"I should give her—" said the doctor at length, "a tea-spoonful, every now and then, of hot brandy and water."

"Why, that's exactly what we've done, sir!" said the delighted landlady.

"I should also," observed the doctor, who had passed the foot-bath on the stairs, "I should also," said the doctor, in the voice of an oracle, "put her feet in hot water, and wrap them up in flannel. I should likewise, said the doctor, with increased solemnity, "give her something light for supper—the wing of a roasted fowl now—"

"Why goodness gracious me sir, it's cooking at the kitchen fire this instant!" cried the landlady. And so indeed it was, for the schoolmaster had ordered it to be put down, and it was getting on so well that the doctor might have much it if he had tried—perhaps he did.

"You may then," said the doctor, rising gravely, "give her a glass of hot mulled wine, if she likes wine—"

"And a toast, sir?" suggested the landlady.

"Ay," said the doctor, in the tone of a man who makes a dignified concession. "And a toast—of bread. But be very particular to make it of bread, if you please, ma'am."

With which parting injunction, slowly and portentously delivered, the doctor departed, leaving the whole house in admiration of that wisdom which tallied so closely with their own. Everybody said he was a very shrewd doctor indeed, and knew perfectly what people's constitutions were; which there appeared some reason to suppose he did.

While her supper was preparing, the child fell into a refreshing sleep, from which they were obliged to rouse her when it was ready. As she evinced extraordinary uneasiness on learning that her grandfather was below stairs, and was greatly troubled at the thought of their being apart, he took his supper with her. Finding her still very restless on this head, they made him up a bed in an inner room, to which he presently retired. The key of this chamber happened by good fortune to be on that side of the door which was in Nell's room; she turned it on him when the handlady had withdrawn, and crept to bed again with a thankful heart.

The schoolmaster sat for a long time smoking his pipe by the kitchen fire, which was now deserted, thinking, with a very happy face, on the fortunate chance which had brought him so opportunely to the child's assistance, and parrying, as well as in his simple way he could, the inquisitive cross-examination of the landlady, who had a great curiosity to be made acquainted with every particular of Nell's life and history. The poor schoolmaster was no open-hearted, and so little versed in the most ordinary cunning or deceit, that she could not have failed to succeed in the first five minutes, but that he happened to be unacquainted with what she wished to know; and so he told her. The landlady, by no means satisfied with this assurance, which she considered an ingenious evasion of the question, repined that he had his reasons of course. Heaven forbid that she should wish to pry into the affairs of her customers, which indeed were no business of hers, who had so many of her own. She had merely asked a civil question, and to be sure she knew it would meet with a civil answer. She was quite satisfied—quite. She had rather perhaps that he would have said at once that he didn't choose to be communicative, because that would have been plain and intelligible. However, she had no right to be offended of course. He was the best judge, and had a perfect right to say what he pleased; nobody could dispute that, for a moment. Oh dear, no!

"I assure you, my good lady," said the mild schoolmaster, "that I have told you the plain truth."

"Why then, I do believe you are in earnest," rejoined the landlady, with ready good-humor, "and I'm very sorry I have teased you. But curiosity you know is the curse of our sex, and that's the fact."

The landlord scratched his head, as if he thought the curse sometimes involved the other sex likewise; but he was prevented from making any remark to that effect, if he had it in contemplation to do so, by the schoolmaster's rejoinder.

"You should question me for half-a-dozen hours at a sitting, and welcome, and I would answer you patiently for the kindness of heart you have shown to-night, if I could," he said. "As it is, please to take care of her in the morning, and let me know early how she is; and to understand that I am pay-master for the three."

So, parting with them on most friendly terms, not the less cordial perhaps for this last direction, the schoolmaster went to his bed, and the host and hostess to theirs.

The report in the morning was, that the child was better, but was extremely weak, and would at least require a day's rest, and careful nursing, before she could proceed upon her journey. The schoolmaster received this communication with perfect cheerfulness, observing that he had a day to spare—two days for that matter—and could very well afford to wait. As the patient was to sit up in the evening, he appointed to visit her in her room at a certain hour, and rambling out with his book, did not return until the hour arrived.

Nell could not help weeping when they were left alone; whereat, and at sight of her pale face and wasted figure, the simple schoolmaster shed a few tears himself, at the same time showing in very energetic language how foolish it was to do so, and how very easily it could be avoided, if one tried.

"It makes me unhappy even in the midst of all this kindness," said the child, "to think that we should be a burden upon you. How can I ever thank you! If I had not met you so far from home, I must have died, and he would have lost us very well. We have plenty to do besides spending our time and money among all you fine folks here,—"

"And not a bad life of it either," added I, 'fishing for cod and herrings—stripping a wreck now and then."

"He stared at me, as I said this, like a tiger on the spring, but spoke not a word.

"And how many young sea-wolves may you have in your den at home?"

"Six; and all of them able to carry you with one hand, at arm's length."

"I have no doubt: I shall certainly not test their ability. But you, yourself, how do you like the Capital?"

"Not over well, and I'll tell you why'—

"As he said this, the door of the audience-chamber opened, and the Emperor appeared: his eyes flashed fire, as he looked hurriedly around the room.

"Who is in waiting here?"

"I am, please your Majesty,' said I; leaving deeply, as I started from my seat.

"And where is the Admiral Truguet? Why was he not admitted?"

"Not present, your Majesty,' said I, trembling with fear.

"Hold there, young fellow: not so fast; here he is.'

"Ah, Truguet, mon ami!" cried the Emperor, placing both hands on the old fellow's shoulders; 'How long have you been in waiting?'

"Two hours and a half,' said he; pondering in evidence a watch like a saucer.

"What! two hours and a half, and I not know it!"

"No matter: I am always happy to serve your Majesty. But if that fine fellow had not told me that you were going to ask me to dinner—'

"He! he said so; did he, said Napoleon, turning on me a glance like a wild beast. 'Yes, Truguet, so I am: you shall dine with me to-day. And you, sir,' said he, dropping his voice to a whisper, as he came closer toward me, 'and you have dared to speak thus? Call in a guard there; Capitaine, put this person under arrest; he is disgraced; he is no longer page of the palace. Out of my presence! away, sir!'

"The room wheeled round; my legs tottered, my senses reeled; and I saw no more.

"Three weeks' bread and water in St. Pelagie, however, brought me to my recollection; and at last my kind—my more than kind friend, the Emperor, obtained my pardon, and sent me to St. Cloud, till the Emperor should forget all about it. How I contrived again to refresh his memory I have already told you; and certainly you will acknowledge that I have not been fortunate in my interviews with Napoleon."

Melancholy.

BY M. P. WILLIS.

They talk of love in a cottage,
And heaven of trellised vine,
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And multitude half divine:
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And walk with a nymph at morning,
Who trips with a footstep free.

But give me a sly flirtation,
By the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody cross to hear:
Or give me a seat on a sofa,
With a glass of especial wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage gets hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies,
Simplicity oats the pigeons,
And your multitude talk of pies.
You sank to your shady slumber
And wake with a flea in your ear:
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is dead long a month or so.

"True love" is at home on the carpet,
And mightily likes his ease
And true love has an eye to a carpet,
And starves in your shady trees:
Her wing is the flax of a lady,
Her food's an invisible thing,
And her arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

The schoolmaster heard her with astonishment. "This child!" he thought—"Has this child heroically preserved under all doubts and dangers, struggled with poverty and suffering, upheld and sustained by strong affection and the consciousness of rectitude alone! and yet the world is full of such heroism. Have I yet to learn that the hardest and best-borne trials are those which are never chronicled in any earthly record, and are sufficient every day! And should I be surprised to hear the story of this child?"

What more he thought or said, matters not.—It was concluded that Nell and her grandfather should accompany him to the village whither he was bound, and that he should endeavor to find them some humble occupation by which they could subsist. "We shall be sure to succeed," said the schoolmaster, heartily. "The omen is too good a one to fail."

They arranged to proceed on their journey next evening,—as a stage-wagon, which travelled for some distance on the same road as they must take, would stop at the inn to change horses, and the driver, for a small gratuity, would give Nell a place inside. A bargain was soon struck when the wagon came; and in due time it rolled away, with the child comfortably bestowed among the softer packages, her grandfather and the schoolmaster walking on beside the driver, and the landlady and all the good folks of the inn screaming out their good wishes and farewells.

What a soothing, luxurious, drowsy way of travelling, to lie inside that slowly-moving mountain, listening to the tinkling of the horses' bells, the occasional smacking of the carter's whip, the smooth rolling of the great broad wheels, the rattle of the harness, the cheery good-nights of passing travellers jogging past on little short-stepped horses—all made pleasantly indistinct by the thick swaing, which seemed made for lazy listening under, till one fell asleep! The very going to sleep, still with an indistinct idea, as the head jogged to and fro upon the pillow, of moving onward with no trouble or fatigue, and hearing all these sounds like dreamy music, lulling to the senses—and the slow waking up, and finding one's self staring out through the breezy curtain, half-opened in the front, far up into the cold bright sky with its countless stars, and downward at the driver's lantern, dancing on like its namesake, Jack of the swamps and marshes, and sideways at the dark gaim trees, and forward at the long bare road rising up, up, until it stopped abruptly at a sharp high ridge, as if there were no more road, and all beyond was sky—and the stopping at the inn to bait, and being helped out, and going into a room with fire and candles, and winking very much, and being agreeably reminded that the night was very cold, and anxious, for very comfort's sake, to think it colder than it was!—What a delicious journey was that journey in the wagon!

Then the going on again—so fresh at first, and shortly afterwards so sleepy. The waking from a sound nap as the mail came dashing past like a highway comet, with gleaming lamps and rattling hoofs, and visions of a guard behind, standing up to keep his feet warm, and of a gentleman in a fur cap opening his eyes and looking wild and stupified—the stopping at the turnpike where the man was gone to bed, and knocking at the door until he answered with a nonchalant shout from under the bedclothes, that a little room above, where the faint light was burning, and presently came down, night-capped and shivering, to throw the gate wide open, and wish all wagons off the road except by day. The cold sharp interval between night and morning—the distant streak of light, widening and spreading, and turning from grey to white, and from white to yellow, and from yellow to burning red—the presence of day with all its cheerfulness and life—men and horses at the plough—birds in the trees and hedges, and boys in solitary fields, frightening them away with rattles. The coming to a town—people busy in the market; light carts and chaises round the tavern yard; tradesmen standing at their doors; men running hither up and down the street for sale; pigs plunging and grunting in the dirty distance, getting off with long strings at their legs, running into clean chemist's shops, and being dislodged with brooms by ferocious; the night coach changing horses—the passengers cheerless, cold, ugly, and disconsolate, with three months' growth of hair in one night—the coachmen fresh as from a hand-box, and exquisitely beautiful by contrast; so much bustle, so many things in motion, and such a variety of incidents—when was there a journey with so many delights as that journey in the wagon!

Sometimes walking for a mile or two while her grandfather rode inside, and sometimes even prevailing upon the schoolmaster to take her place and lie down to rest, Nell travelled on very happily, until they came to a large town, where the wagon stopped, and where they spent a night. They passed a large church; and in the streets were a number of old houses, built of a kind of earth or plaster, crossed and re-crossed, in a great many directions, with black beams. The gate was a remarkable and very ancient look. The doors, too, were arched and low, some with oaken postals and quaint brackles, where the former inhabitants had sat on summer evenings. The windows were latticed in little diamond panes, that seemed to wink and blink upon the passengers, as if they were dim of sight. They had long since got clear of the smoke and furnaces, except in one or two solitary instances, where a factory, planted among fields, withered the spot about it, like a burning mountain. When they had passed through this town, they entered again upon the country, and began to draw near their place of destination.

It was not so near, however, but that they spent another night upon the road; not that their doing so was quite an act of necessity, but that the schoolmaster, when they approached within a few miles of his village, had a fidgety sense of his dignity as the new clerk, and was unwilling to make his entry in dusty shoes, and travel-stained dress. It was a fine, clear, autumn morning, when they came upon the scene of his promotion, and stopped to contemplate its beauties.

"Sir—here's the church!" cried the delighted schoolmaster, in a low voice; "and that old building close beside it, is the school-house. I'll be sworn. Five and thirty pounds a year in this beautiful place!"

They admired everything—the old grey porch, the mullioned windows, the venerable grave stones dotting the green church yard, the ancient tower, the very weather-cock; the brown thatched roofs of cottage, barn, and homestead, peeping from among the trees; the stream that rippled by the distant water-mill; the blue Welsh mountains far away. It was for such a spot the child had wearied in the dense, dark, miserable haunts of labor. Upon her bed of ashes, and amid the manifold horrors through which they had forced their way, visions of such scenes—beautiful indeed, but not more beautiful than this sweet reality—had been always present to her mind.—They had seemed to melt into a dim and airy distance, as the prospect of ever beholding them again grew fainter; but, as they receded, she had loved and panted for them more.

"I must leave you somewhere for a few minutes," said the schoolmaster, at length breaking the silence into which they had fallen in their gladness. "I have a letter to present, and inquiries to make, you know. Where shall I take you? To the little inn yonder?"

"Let us wait here," rejoined Nell. "The gate is open. We will sit in the church porch till you come back."

"A good place too," said the schoolmaster, leading the way towards it, disencumbering himself of his portmanteau, and placing it on the stone seat. "Be sure that I come back with good news, and am not long gone."

So, the happy schoolmaster put on a brand new pair of gloves which he had carried in a little parcel in his pocket all the way, and hurried off, full of ardour and excitement.

The child watched him from the porch until the intervening foliage hid him from her view, and then stepped softly out into the old church-yard—so solemn and quiet, that every rustle of her dress upon the fallen leaves, which strewed the path and made her footstops melodious, seemed an invasion of its silence. It was a very aged, ghostly place: the church had been built many hundreds of years ago, and had once had a convent or monastery attached; for arches in ruins, remains of oriel windows, and fragments of blackened walls, were yet standing; while other portions of the old building, which had crumbled away and fallen down, where mingled with the church-yard earth and overgrown with grass, as if they too claimed a burying-place and sought to mix their ashes with the dust of men. Hard by these gravestones of dead years, and forming a part of the ruin which some pains had been taken to render habitable in modern times, were two small dwellings with sunken windows and oaken doors, fast hastening to decay, empty and desolate.

Upon these tenements, the attention of the child became exclusively riveted. She knew not why. The church, the ruin, the antiquated graves, had equal claims at least upon a stranger's thoughts, but from the moment when her eyes first rested on these two dwellings, she could turn to nothing else. Even when she had made the circuit of the inclosure, and, returning to the porch, sat patiently waiting for their friend, she took her station where she could still look upon them, and felt as if fascinated toward that spot.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

Kit's mother and the single gentleman—upon whose track it is expedient to follow with hurried steps, lest this history should be chargeable with incontinency, and the offence of leaving its characters, in situations of uncertainty and doubt—Kit's mother and the single gentleman, speeding onward in the post-chaise and four whose departure from the Notary's door we have already witnessed, soon left the town behind them, and struck fire from the flints of the broad highway.

The good woman, being not a little embarrassed by the novelty of her situation, and certain maternal apprehensions that perhaps by this time little Jacob, or the baby, or both, had fallen into the fire, or tumbled down stairs, or had been squeezed behind doors, or had scalded their windpipes in endeavoring to allay their thirst at the spouts of tea-kettles, preserved an uneasy silence; and meeting from the window the eyes of turnpike-men, omnibus-drivers, and others, felt in the new dignity of her position like a mourner at a funeral, who, not being greatly affected by the loss of the departed, recognizes his every-day acquaintance from the window of the mourning coach, but is constrained to preserve a decent solemnity, and the appearance of being indifferent to all external objects.

To have been indifferent to the companionship of the single gentleman would have been tantamount to being gifted with nerves of steel. Never did chaise inclose, or horses draw such a restless gentleman as he. He never sat in the same position for two minutes together, but was perpetually tossing his arms and legs about, pulling up the cushes and letting them violently down, or thrusting his head out of one window to draw it in again and thrust it out of another. He carried in his pocket, too, a fire-last of mysterious and unknown construction; and so sure as ever Kit's mother closed her eyes, so surely—whisk, rattle, fire—there was the single gentleman consulting his watch by a flame of fire, and letting the sparks fall down among the straw as if there were no such thing as a possibility of himself and Kit's mother being roasted alive before the boys could their horses. Moreover they halted to change, there he was—out of the carriage without letting down the steps, bursting about the inn yard like a lighted cracker, pulling out his watch by lamp light and forgetting to look at it before he put up again, and in short committing so many eccentricities that Kit's mother was quite afraid of him. Then, when the horses were to, in he came like a Harlequin, and before they had gone a mile, out came the watch and the fire-box together, and Kit's mother was wide awake again, with no hope of a wink of sleep for that stage.

"Are you comfortable?" the single gentleman would say after one of these exploits, turning sharply round.

"Quite, sir, thank you."

"Are you sure?" Can't you cold?"

"It is a little chilly, sir," Kit's mother would reply.

"I knew it!" cried the single gentleman, letting down one of the front glasses. "She wants some brandy and water! Of course she does.—How could I forget it! Hello! Stop at the next inn, and call out for a glass of hot brandy and water."

It was in vain for Kit's mother to protest that she stood in need of nothing of the kind. The single gentleman was inexorable; and whenever he had exhausted all other modes and fashions of restlessness, it invariably occurred to him that Kit's mother wanted brandy and water.

In this way they travelled on until near midnight, when they stopped to supper, for which meal the single gentleman ordered everything eatable that the house contained; and because Kit's mother didn't eat everything at once, and eat it all, he took it into his head that she must be ill.

"You're faint," said the single gentleman, who did nothing himself but walk about the room—"I see what's the matter with you, ma'am.—You're faint."

"Thank you, sir, I'm not indeed."

"I know you are. I'm sure of it. I drag this poor woman from the bosom of her family at a minute's notice, and she goes on getting fainter and fainter before my eyes. I'm a pretty fellow! How many children have you got, ma'am?"

"Two, sir, besides Kit."

"Boys, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are they christened?"

"Only half baptized as yet, sir."

"I'm godfather to both of 'em. Remember that, if you please, ma'am. You had better have some mulled wine."

"I couldn't touch a drop, indeed, sir."

"You must," said the single gentleman. "I see you want it. I ought to have thought of it before."

Immediately dying to the bell, and calling for mulled wine as imperiously as if it had been wanted for instant use in the recovery of some person apparently drowned, the single gentleman made Kit's mother swallow a bumper of it at such a high temperature that the tears ran down her face, and then hustled her off to the chaise again, where—not impossibly from the effects of this agreeable sedative—she soon became insensible to his restlessness, and fell fast asleep. Not were the happy effects of this prescription of a transitory nature, as, notwithstanding that the distance was greater, and the journey longer, than the single gentleman had anticipated, she did not awake until it was broad day, and they were clattering over the pavement of a town.

"This is the place!" cried her companion, letting down all the glasses. "Drive to the waterwork!"

The boy on the wheeler touched his hat, and setting spurs to his horse, to the end that they might go in brilliantly, all four broke into a smart canter, and dashed through the streets with a noise that brought the good folks wondering to their doors and windows, and drowned the sober voices of the town clocks as they chimed out half-past eight. They drove up to a door round which a crowd of persons were collected, and there stopped.

"What's this?" said the single gentleman throwing out his head. "Is any thing the matter here?"

"A wedding sir, a wedding!" cried several voices. "Hurrah!"

The single gentleman, rather bewildered by finding himself the centre of the noisy throng, alighted with the assistance of one of the postillions, and handed out Kit's mother, at sight of whom the populace cried out, "Here's another wedding!" and roared and leaped for joy.

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SHERMAN'S COUGH LOZENGES are the safest, most sure and efficient remedy for Coughs, Colds, CONSUMPTION, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Lungs or Chest, &c. &c. The proprietor has never known an instance where they did not give perfect satisfaction. The Rev. James Kent had suffered with a distressing cough, pain in his right side, night sweats, and all the usual symptoms of consumption. He tried many popular remedies, but all in vain. He consulted some of our most distinguished physicians, and they told him he had the consumption, and must prepare to die. As he could not be cured, A friend advised him to try Dr. Sherman's Cough Lozenges, as they had cured several that had been given up. He did so, and to the unspeakable joy of all his friends, he immediately began to gain better, and before he had taken four boxes, was entirely cured; and he is now again, through divine blessing, permitted to minister to his loving flock.

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